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DECEMBER 1982 \$1.75  
U.K. £1.30

# down beat

THE CONTEMPORARY MUSIC MAGAZINE



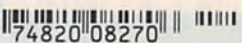
**WYNTON AND  
BRANFORD  
MARSALIS**

**WHY  
ARE THEY  
SMILING?**

**THE CLASH  
ORIGINAL  
ROCK AND ROLL**

**JAY  
HOGGARD  
CREDIBILITY,  
MONEY NEXT**

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At only 21, trumpeter Wynton tops both the charts and the polls. At 22, rapidly rising saxist Branford is stepping out of his brother's shadow, has his own CBS contract, and is laying the groundwork for his own band. *db's* West Coaster A. James Liska discusses the leader fever in this two-fer interview.

**18 47th ANNUAL db READERS POLL**

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*The Clash's Joe Strummer*

CHESTER SIMPSON



*Jay Hoggard*

FRED W. McDARRAH

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Cover photo of Wynton (left) and Branford Marsalis by Anne Fishbein.

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**down beat** (ISSN 0012-5768) is published monthly by Maher Publications, 222 W. Adams St., Chicago IL 60606 Copyright 1982 Maher Publications. All rights reserved. Trademark registered U.S. Patent Office. Great Britain registered trademark No. 719, 407. Second Class postage paid at Chicago, IL and at additional mailing offices. Subscription rates: \$13.50 for one

year, \$23.00 for two years. Foreign subscriptions add \$4.50 per year.

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**down beat** articles are indexed in **down beat's** annual Music Handbook. Microfilm of all issues of **down beat** are available from University Microfilm, 300 N. Zeeb Rd., Ann Arbor, MI 48106.

**MAHER PUBLICATIONS: down beat, Up Beat, Up Beat Dally, American Music-For-Export Buyers Guide.**

**CHANGE OF ADDRESS:** Please allow four weeks for your change to become effective. When notifying us of your new address, include your current **down beat** label showing your old address.

**POSTMASTER: SEND CHANGE OF ADDRESS TO down beat, 222 W. Adams Street, Chicago, IL 60606.**

**CABLE ADDRESS: downbeat** (on sale November 18, 1982)  
Members, Audit Bureau of Circulation Magazine Publishers Association





## INTERVIEW

# WYNTON & BRANFORD MARSALIS



## A COMMON UNDERSTANDING

BY  
A. JAMES  
LISKA

Nineteen eighty-two was the year of Wynton Marsalis—**down beat** readers crowned him Jazz Musician of the Year; his debut LP copped Jazz Album of the Year honors; and he was named No. 1 Trumpet (handily defeating Miles in each category). In 1980 the New Orleans-bred brassman first stirred waves of critical praise with Art Blakey's Jazz Messengers; by the summer of '81 (with a CBS contract under his arm), he was honing his chops with the VSOP of Herbie Hancock, Ron Carter, and Tony Williams. By early '82 *Wynton Marsalis* was topping the jazz charts; *Fathers And Sons*—one side featuring Wynton, brother Branford on sax, and father Ellis on piano—soon followed (both remain charted to this day), as did whistle-stop tours with his own quintet (Wynton, Branford, pianist Kenny Kirkland, bassist Phil Bowler, drummer Jeff Watts). Now at only age 21, Wynton is on top, and rapidly rising 22-year-old Branford has been signed by CBS on his own.

**A. James Liska:** Let's start by talking about the quintet—the Wynton Marsalis Quintet.

**Branford Marsalis:** That's what they call it.

**Wynton Marsalis:** When he gets his band, it'll be called the Branford Marsalis Quartet.

**AJL:** Are you going to play in his band?

**WM:** No-o-o-o.

**BM:** He's barred. Let's face it, when you get a personality as strong as his in a band, particularly playing trumpet

and with all the coverage, it would become the Wynton Marsalis Quintet.

**AJL:** Even though it would be your band?

**BM:** That's what it would be.

**AJL:** Is that a reflection on your leadership abilities as well as your personality?

**BM:** We're talking from a visual standpoint. When people come to see the band, the whole image would be like if Miles started playing with somebody else's band. You



can't picture Miles as a sideman at any time.

**WM:** Co-op music very seldom works—the type of music in which everybody has an equal position in deciding the musical direction of the band. I mean, somebody has to be the leader.

**BM:** Everybody else has to follow.

**WM:** The thing is though, when you lead a band, you don't lead a band by telling everybody what to do. That's a distortion that I think a lot of people get by watching bands. Nobody has ever had a great band in which they had to tell all the guys what to do. What you do is hire the cats who can play well enough to tell you what to do. But you have to make it seem like you're telling them. It's psychological; you have to be in charge of it, but you don't want to be in charge of it.

**AJL:** Then the role of the leader is . . .

**WM:** What I'm saying is that the direction of the band is formed by the band, but it goes through one person: the leader. If you're a leader, you lead naturally, automatically.

**AJL:** From the co-op perspective then, don't all-star sessions generally work?

**WM:** They don't work as well as an organized band. Sometimes, something exciting can come about. But that's rare because jazz—I hate to use that word—group improvisation is something that has to be developed over years of playing together or, at least, from a common understanding. The reason that these all-star things can work so well is that everybody has a common ground. It's when you lump people from all different forms of music together that it sounds like total shit.

**BM:** Nowadays, sometimes the ego thing is so strong it's like, well, I've actually seen jam sessions where cats would say "I'm not going on the stage first. You play the first solo." As soon as that starts, the music is over. I sat and watched, for over two hours, a battle of egos like that.

It was the worst musical experience I ever had. The people were going crazy because there were all these great jazz musicians on the stage. If they only knew what they were listening to and what was really going on. It hurt me, man. I think that's the major problem with all-star things because when you have a group, you have one leader and some followers who maybe can lead but they're followers nonetheless. The position of the follower is always underrated. A band has to have great followers; you can't have five great leaders.

**AJL:** The too-many-chiefs, not-enough-Indians syndrome?

**BM:** No Indians.

**WM:** The thing that makes it most intricate is that you have to realize that when you lead a band, you're leading a group of cats that know more about everything they do than you know. That's the one great thing I learned from Art Blakey. He's one of the greatest leaders in the world, and the reason is that he doesn't try to pretend that he knows stuff that he doesn't know. But he's the leader of the band, and when you are in his band, you never get the impression that you're leading it. I knew all the time that he was the leader. He didn't have to tell me that. He's that kind of man.

**AJL:** And that wasn't ego-inspired?

**WM:** His stuff has nothing whatsoever to do with ego, man. He's just a great leader. Of course, he's been doing it for so long. But that's true with a lot of different people. When Miles had the band with Herbie and them, do you think he told them what to do? He was struggling to figure out what they were doing. He had never had cats play like that, but he was wise enough to let them decide what was going to happen. He didn't make them play just what he could play. But they always knew he was the leader, and you can listen to the records and know he's the leader.

**AJL:** Is there a like situation in your own quintet? Are the guys telling you what to do?

**WM:** There are certain things that they do that I don't know what it is, that I have to ask about. You know, like, what was that you played? What is that? What chord is that? What voicing? What's the best choice of this? That's what you have to do to learn. The hardest thing about being a leader is that you have to lead a group of cats who might know more than you know.

**AJL:** Then why are you the leader if you know so little?

**BM:** (*laughing*) He must know enough.

**AJL:** Are you a great follower?

**BM:** I'm a great follower.

**AJL:** Do you think you'll be a great leader?

**BM:** Great leaders were usually great followers. You have to be a follower before you can lead. That's what I've always thought. I'm learning a lot now, particularly economically, you know, business. He's setting the path for me, and I'm not going to have to make the same mistakes and go through the same crap that he's going through. While he's going through it, I'm sitting back observing, watching everything that they're trying to do to him.

**AJL:** Who are they?

**BM:** Record companies, agents, managers, the whole works. The hassles with the music, the gigs, riders in additions to contracts.

**AJL:** So Wynton deals with it and you have the benefit . . .

**BM:** Sitting around and learning. It's a drag that it had to be like that because all that pressure was thrown on him. People are always asking the classic dumb question: How does it feel to have a brother getting all that attention and blah, blah, blah? They obviously have no idea what all that shit entails. I sit down and watch him doing all of this and say, "Yeah, great . . . somebody's gotta be in the hotseat. Better him than me."

**AJL:** Is Wynton more able to deal with pressures than you?

**BM:** He thrives better under pressure than I do. If I had to deal with it, I'd deal with it. But he functions best under pressure. I function best when people leave me the hell alone and I don't have to deal with a lot of crap. If I have to deal with it, I'll deal with it. But, like, he went to the hardest high school to go to.

**AJL:** By choice?

**BM:** By choice. He could have gone to the middle-of-the-road one like I did. I went to that one which meant I didn't have to study. He went to the hardest one. I'll admit it—I'm the classic lazy cat. I didn't want to be bothered; I didn't want to practice. I just wanted to exist. So I didn't practice. I played in a funk band and had a great time. When it was time to go to college, I went to the easiest one I could go to with the best teacher for music. But I really wasn't serious about music.

But back to the original subject: Wynton played classical music because someone told him black cats couldn't play classical music. The first time he went out there every one of the oboe players played the notes kind of out of tune, just to throw him off. He thrives best under that kind of stuff. If it were all relaxed and they just said, "Anything you want, man," I think he'd be kind of shaky. When people tell him "No," that's when he's at his best. So all the pressure's on him. Good. When I come around and get my band, there shouldn't be that much pressure.

**AJL:** Coming from the same family, being close brothers, how did you end up so different?

**WM:** My mother. My mother's a great woman. She treats everybody the same, so we're all different. When you treat everybody the same way and don't tamper with the way you treat them in accordance to their personality, then they act differently. They develop into their own person. Like Branford and me, we're totally different.

**BM:** Radically different.

**AJL:** Yet you appear to be best of friends.

**WM:** Well, we have our things.

**BM:** Appearances can be deceiving.

**WM:** All my brothers . . . we grew up living in the same room, you know? He was always my boy, though. Like, I could always talk to him.

**AJL:** You two are the closest in age?

**BM:** We're 13 months apart.

**WM:** I always took my other brothers for granted. When Branford went away to college and I was still in high school, that's when I missed him. But we used to argue all the time. We think totally different. Anything I would say, he'd say just the opposite.

**AJL:** Just to be obstinate?

**WM:** Just to say it.

**WYNTON & BRANFORD MARSALIS  
SELECTED DISCOGRAPHY**

FATHERS AND SONS—Columbia FC 37972

WYNTON MARSALIS—Columbia FC 37574

**Wynton with Art Blakey**

ALBUM OF THE YEAR—Timeless SJP 155

LIVE AT MONTREUX AND NORTHSEA—Timeless SJP 150

STRAIGHT AHEAD—Concord Jazz CJ-168

**Wynton with Chico Freeman**

DESTINY'S DANCE—Contemporary 14008

**with various artists**

AMARCORD NINO ROTO—Hannibal HNBL 9301





**BM:** It wasn't just to say it. It was because I didn't agree.

**WM:** Nothing I say he agrees with.

**BM:** Some things I agree with.

**AJL:** Musically, did you agree?

**BM:** No.

**AJL:** Still?

**WM:** No.

**BM:** Know what we agree on? I've thought about this a lot. I think we agree on the final objective. I think the common goal is there, but the route to achieve the common goal is totally different.

**WM:** Totally.

**BM:** It's like catching the "E" and the "F" train. They both come from Queens to New York, and they both meet at West 4th Street, but one comes down Sixth Avenue and one comes down Eighth Avenue.

**WM:** The way I think the shit should be done, he doesn't.

**AJL:** How do you work so well together?

**BM:** It's simple: he's the leader.

**WM:** Everybody thinks it's hard because he's my older brother. If we weren't brothers, if he was just another cat, nobody'd think anything of it. People are always going to try to put us together as brothers, and I don't want that. I tell people all the time that the reason Branford's in my band is because I can't find anybody that plays better than him.

**AJL:** Are you looking?

**WM:** No. *(laughs)* But if they come . . .

**BM:** Bye-bye me.

**WM:** I don't have him in the band because he's my brother. I use him because I like the way he plays. Shit is very cut and dried with me: either you can play, or you can't; either you know what you're doing, or you don't. I use him because he's bad. Period.

**BM:** I've always believed that when you're dealing with certain things, there are businesses and friendships. The two should never meet. The reason we get along so well is that when we play music, it's the Wynton Marsalis Quintet, and I'm in the band. When we're in this house, it's my brother, Wynton.

**WM:** What you have to realize is that everybody in the band is bad. That's what nobody wants to admit. They'll say "Branford can play" or "Wynton's alright." Everybody in the band is bad. Jeff Watts knows as much as anybody about the music. Kenny Kirkland. Phil Bowler. These cats know about the music. It's not like one cat can play and he towers over everybody else in the band. People think that's how bands run. In this band, all of the cats have the capabilities. And when they do interviews . . . What about Kenny? Why doesn't he get the publicity? What about Phil? Why doesn't Jeff get interviewed? It's because nobody's said that he's good yet.

**AJL:** Where did you find Jeff Watts, the drummer?

**WM:** Branford knew him from Boston.

**BM:** I knew he was bad because nobody liked him. When I heard that, I couldn't wait to hear him.

**AJL:** Did you first hear him with a group?

**BM:** No. It's hard to get a group in Boston, but we had the privilege of having ensemble rooms; we'd just sit around and have jam sessions, and everytime he'd play, everybody would get lost. They couldn't tell where "one" was, and then they'd say, "He's sad. I can't hear 'one.'"

**WM:** He's conceptually bad.

**BM:** Then we started hanging out and talking.

**WM:** He knows a lot of shit, man. He has a concept about the music.

**AJL:** What about Phil Bowler, the bassist?

**WM:** He played with Rahsaan [Roland Kirk] a long time.

**AJL:** How did you find him?

**WM:** I was playing everybody. Jamil Nasser recommended him. We had tried a lot of different cats. Phil's got great time, and that allows Jeff to play what he wants. Plus, he has a good knowledge of harmony and rhythmic-derivational things. He plays interesting ostinatos.

**AJL:** Where did you find Kenny Kirkland?

**WM:** Everybody knows him. He's one of the baddest cats playing piano today. You just know about him.

**AJL:** What's the most difficult thing about keeping your group together?

**WM:** Getting gigs. I worked three gigs in May with the band, and those were like one-hour gigs. You've got to gig all of the time, but you can't make money working in the clubs.

**AJL:** What about the concert hall situation?

**WM:** It hasn't hurt the music because the music in the clubs was dying anyway. It might be picking up now, but it was dying for a long time because the music changed.

**AJL:** How so?

**WM:** The music was different in the '50s and '60s than it is now. Then you could play popular tunes in the jazz setting and make them sound hip.

**AJL:** And now?

**WM:** You can't do that now because all of the popular tunes are sad pieces of one-chord shit. Today's pop tunes are sad. Turn on the radio and try to find a pop tune to play with your band. You can't do it. The melodies are static, the chord changes are just the same senseless stuff repeated over and over again. Back then you could get a pop tune, and people were more willing to come out and see the music because it had more popular elements in it. They could more easily identify with it.

**AJL:** Have the pop tunes of back then lost their meaning today?

**WM:** They haven't lost their meaning, but they're old. You've heard them played so many times by great performers that you don't want to play them again.

**AJL:** Any suggestions or solutions?

**WM:** I think one of the biggest problems is that nobody wants to do somebody else's song. Everybody thinks that they can write great tunes, and all the public wants is that it sounds different. Music has to be played before it gets old. The music that Ornette Coleman played, that Miles and Trane played in the '60s, some of the stuff that Mingus and Booker Little and Charlie Rouse and these cats were starting to do . . . that music isn't old because nobody else has ever played it.

**AJL:** What happens, what is the reaction, if you do play it?

**WM:** People say, "Man, you sound like you're imitating Miles in the '60s," or else, "He sounds like he's imitating Elvin Jones." So what? You just don't come up with something new. You have to play through something. The problem with some of the stuff that all the critics think

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**Art Pepper:**  
56th Inductee  
in the down beat  
Hall of Fame.

- 90 Stephane Grappelli/  
David Grisman: *Live*  
(Warner Bros.)
- 90 Gary LeFebvre:  
*Quartet* (Discovery)
- 80 Pat Metheny:  
*Offramp* (ECM)
- 75 Ornette Coleman:  
*Of Human Feelings*  
(Antilles)
- 57 Toshiko Akiyoshi/  
Lew Tabackin:  
*Tanuki's Night Out*  
(JAM)
- 54 Weather Report:  
*Weather Report*  
(Columbia)
- 52 David Grisman:  
*Mondo Mando*  
(Warner Bros.)
- 45 Lester Bowie: *The  
Great Pretender*  
(ECM)
- 43 Bobby Shew: *Play  
Song* (Jazz Hounds)
- 40 Dexter Gordon:  
*American Classic*  
(Elektra Musician)
- 40 Mike Murphy:  
*Bebop For Kerouac*  
(Muse)
- 40 Charlie Parker:  
*One Night In  
Washington* (Elektra  
Musician)

STEVE KAGAN



**The Police: Ghost In The Machine**

**ROCK/BLUES  
ALBUM OF THE YEAR**

- 123 **The Police: *Ghost  
In The Machine***  
(A&M)
- 68 Stevie Wonder:  
*Original  
Musiquarium I*  
(Tamla)
- 55 Pat Metheny:  
*Offramp* (ECM)
- 40 Asia: *Asia* (Geffen)
- 40 Chicago: *Chicago  
XVI* (Warner Bros.)
- 40 Miles Davis:  
*We Want Miles*  
(Columbia)
- 40 The Dregs: *Industry  
Standard* (Arista)
- 40 King Crimson:  
*Beat* (Warner Bros.)
- 40 King Crimson:  
*Discipline* (Warner  
Bros.)

**47<sup>th</sup>**

**A · N · N · U · A · L**

**HALL OF FAME**

- 421 **Art Pepper**
- 180 Sonny Stitt
- 159 Sarah Vaughan
- 122 Stephane Grappelli
- 111 Oscar Peterson
- 90 Albert Ayler
- 90 Eddie Jefferson
- 69 Maynard Ferguson
- 60 Gil Evans
- 52 Chick Corea
- 45 Dave Brubeck
- 44 Horace Silver
- 44 McCoy Tyner
- 40 Stan Getz
- 40 Lionel Hampton
- 40 Elvin Jones
- 40 John Lennor
- 40 Phil Woods
- 40 Zawinul

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OF THE YEAR**

- 424 **Wynton Marsalls**
- 283 Miles Davis
- 140 Art Pepper
- 127 Ornette Coleman
- 70 Lester Bowie
- 69 Phil Woods
- 66 Dexter Gordon
- 61 Gary LeFebvre
- 56 Dizzy Gillespie
- 45 Pat Metheny
- 42 Toshiko Akiyoshi
- 42 Max Roach
- 40 Chick Corea

**ROCK/BLUES  
MUSICIAN  
OF THE YEAR**

- 415 **Stevie Wonder**
- 166 B. B. King
- 82 Adrian Belew
- 73 Frank Zappa
- 60 Pat Metheny
- 59 Carlos Santana
- 51 James Blood Ulmer
- 40 David Byrne
- 40 Paul McCartney
- 40 Steve Morse

**JAZZ ALBUM  
OF THE YEAR**

- 432 **Wynton Marsalls:**  
*Wynton Marsalls*  
(Columbia)
- 180 Miles Davis:  
*We Want Miles*  
(Columbia)
- 163 Woody Shaw:  
*Master Of The Art*  
(Elektra Musician)
- 151 Old and New  
Dreams:  
*Playing* (ECM)
- 91 Art Ensemble of  
Chicago: *Urban  
Bushmen* (ECM)

- 40 Jaco Pastorius:  
*Word Of Mouth*  
(Warner Bros.)
- 40 Art Pepper:  
*Saturday Night At  
The Village  
Vanguard*  
(Contemporary)
- 40 Willie Thomas/Bunky  
Green: *Discover  
Jazz* (Mark  
Custom Records)

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- 448 Count Basie
- 173 Carla Bley Band
- 173 Rob McConnell's  
Boss Brass
- 173 Sun Ra
- 130 Woody Herman
- 102 Buddy Rich
- 95 Maynard Ferguson
- 90 Mel Lewis
- 61 Gil Evans
- 60 Gerry Mulligan
- 40 Bob Florence

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- 266 Art Ensemble  
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- 148 Art Blakey's  
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- 142 Woody Shaw
- 126 Old and New  
Dreams
- 115 David Grisman
- 113 Phil Woods Quartet
- 107 Pat Metheny Group
- 102 Red Rodney/  
Ira Sullivan



**Wynton Marsalls: Wynton Marsalls**



- 91 Miles Davis
- 90 Spyro Gyra
- 70 Heath Bros
- 69 Gary LeFebvre Quartet
- 50 Wynton Marsalis
- 40 Carla Bley
- 40 Bobby Shew Sextet
- 40 World Saxophone Quartet

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- 122 The Police
- 120 Steely Dan
- 88 King Crimson
- 79 Talking Heads
- 65 Rolling Stones
- 61 Pat Metheny
- 52 The Dregs
- 47 Chicago
- 45 Stevie Wonder
- 44 Santana

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- 425 Toshiko Akiyoshi
- 233 Carla Bley
- 159 Chick Corea
- 97 Ornette Coleman
- 72 Zawinul
- 64 Quincy Jones
- 61 Wayne Shorter
- 60 Anthony Braxton
- 44 Gil Evans
- 40 Muhal Richard Abrams
- 40 Anthony Davis
- 40 Gary LeFebvre
- 40 Pat Metheny
- 40 Stevie Wonder



TOM COPI

Toshiko Akiyoshi (left) and Lew Tabackin

## ARRANGER

- 477 Toshiko Akiyoshi
- 394 Gil Evans
- 230 Quincy Jones
- 191 Carla Bley
- 79 Bob Brookmeyer

- 70 Rob McConnell
- 60 Slide Hampton
- 49 Thad Jones
- 47 Bill Holman
- 45 Bob James
- 42 Chick Corea
- 40 Sun Ra
- 40 Zawinul

- 112 Albert Mangelsdorff
- 90 Ray Anderson
- 89 Slide Hampton
- 73 Roswell Rudd
- 70 Carl Fontana
- 40 Craig Harris
- 40 Gary Valente

## SOPRANO SAX

- 810 Wayne Shorter
- 289 Steve Lacy
- 155 Zoot Sims
- 140 Ira Sullivan
- 102 Dave Liebman

# R · E · A · D · E · R · S

# P · O · L · L



MICHAEL JONES

Stevie Wonder

## TRUMPET

- 823 Wynton Marsalis
- 330 Miles Davis
- 317 Lester Bowie
- 206 Dizzy Gillespie
- 181 Freddie Hubbard
- 160 Woody Shaw
- 90 Clark Terry
- 69 Maynard Ferguson
- 60 Chet Baker
- 60 Don Cherry
- 59 Red Rodney
- 40 Randy Brecker

## TROMBONE

- 302 Jimmy Knepper
- 271 Bill Watrous
- 200 Bob Brookmeyer
- 180 Steve Turre
- 167 George Lewis
- 148 Curtis Fuller
- 125 J. J. Johnson

- 96 Grover Washington Jr
- 81 Jan Garbarek
- 81 Bob Wilber
- 72 Gary LeFebvre
- 55 Joe Farrell
- 50 Branford Marsalis
- 43 Chris Vadala
- 40 Woody Herman
- 40 Roscoe Mitchell

## ALTO SAX

- 687 Phil Woods
- 384 Art Pepper
- 287 Arthur Blythe
- 214 Richie Cole
- 130 David Sanborn
- 114 Bunky Green
- 113 Ornette Coleman
- 94 Lanny Morgan
- 78 Lee Konitz
- 69 Paquito D'Rivera
- 66 Benny Carter
- 50 Sonny Stitt



47<sup>th</sup>

A·N·N·U·A·L

R·E·A·D·E·R·S

P·O·L·L



Oscar Peterson

DARRYL PITT

**TENOR SAX**

- 332 Sonny Rollins
- 296 Dexter Gordon
- 183 Chico Freeman
- 179 Stan Getz
- 166 Michael Brecker
- 132 Zoot Sims
- 130 Wayne Shorter
- 128 Archie Shepp
- 122 Johnny Griffin
- 75 Scott Hamilton
- 75 David Murray
- 67 Gary LeFebvre
- 63 Lew Tabackin
- 60 Joe Henderson
- 52 Pete Christlieb
- 44 Ricky Ford
- 41 Grover Washington Jr.

**BARITONE SAX**

- 863 Pepper Adams
- 663 Gerry Mulligan
- 190 Hamiet Bluiett
- 101 Nick Brignola
- 92 John Surman
- 72 Ronnie Cuber
- 40 Henry Threadgill

**CLARINET**

- 425 Benny Goodman
- 410 Anthony Braxton
- 370 Buddy De Franco
- 151 Art Pepper
- 129 Eddie Daniels
- 72 Woody Herman
- 60 Perry Robinson
- 57 Pete Fountain
- 57 Jimmy Giuffre
- 57 Phil Woods
- 53 John Carter
- 40 Alvin Batiste

**FLUTE**

- 482 Lew Tabackin
- 463 Hubert Laws
- 367 James Newton
- 164 James Moody
- 96 Frank Wess
- 90 Ira Sullivan
- 70 Joe Farrell
- 70 Herbie Mann
- 66 Jeremy Steig
- 55 Dave Valentin
- 52 Sam Rivers
- 51 Bud Shank
- 40 Sam Most

**ACOUSTIC PIANO**

- 378 Oscar Peterson
- 317 McCoy Tyner
- 206 Chick Corea
- 135 Tommy Flanagan
- 133 Cecil Taylor
- 102 JoAnne Brackeen
- 91 Keith Jarrett
- 76 Herbie Hancock
- 74 Dave McKenna
- 56 Anthony Davis

- 51 Lyle Mays
- 51 Don Pullen
- 45 Tete Montoliu
- 40 Kenny Barron
- 40 George Cables
- 40 John Hicks
- 40 Cedar Walton

**ELECTRIC PIANO**

- 847 Chick Corea
- 344 Herbie Hancock
- 231 Zawinul
- 146 Lyle Mays
- 95 Sun Ra
- 80 Kenny Barron
- 64 Joe Sample
- 62 Bob James
- 60 George Cables
- 59 Kei Akagi
- 51 Stanley Cowell
- 40 George Duke

**ORGAN**

- 810 Jimmy Smith
- 271 Sun Ra
- 187 Carla Bley
- 155 Shirley Scott
- 114 Count Basie
- 80 Amina Claudine Myers
- 65 Jimmy McGriff
- 54 Clare Fisher
- 49 Charles Earland
- 40 Richard Groove Holmes
- 40 Lyle Mays

**SYNTHESIZER**

- 890 Zawinul
- 256 Lyle Mays
- 201 Chick Corea
- 182 Herbie Hancock
- 129 Sun Ra
- 64 Brian Eno
- 40 Jeff Lorber



Earth, Wind and Fire

DARRYL PITT



## GUITAR

- 400 Joe Pass
- 319 Pat Metheny
- 241 Jim Hall
- 182 John McLaughlin
- 140 Kenny Burrell
- 132 James Blood Ulmer
- 130 George Benson
- 91 Al DiMeola
- 84 Tal Farlow
- 67 John Scofield
- 62 Ralph Towner
- 59 John Abercrombie
- 54 Bruce Forman
- 54 Lee Ritenour
- 45 Herb Ellis
- 40 Ed Bickert
- 40 Larry Coryell
- 40 Earl Klugh
- 40 Pat Martino
- 40 Mike Stern

## ACOUSTIC BASS

- 584 Ron Carter
- 304 Niels-Henning Ørsted Pedersen
- 273 Charlie Haden
- 253 Ray Brown
- 234 Eddie Gomez
- 190 Rob Wasserman
- 121 Cecil McBee
- 84 George Mraz
- 70 Bob Magnusson
- 69 Fred Hopkins
- 64 Buster Williams
- 57 John Heard
- 55 Percy Heath
- 52 Stanley Clarke
- 50 David Friesen
- 40 Stafford James
- 40 Marc Johnson

## ELECTRIC BASS

- 649 Jaco Pastorius
- 347 Steve Swallow



Jack DeJohnette

- 286 Stanley Clarke
- 171 Jamaaladeen Tacuma
- 144 Marcus Miller
- 72 Abe Laboriel
- 50 Eberhard Weber
- 47 Bob Cranshaw
- 40 Anthony Jackson
- 40 Bill Laswell

## VIOLIN

- 853 Stephane Grappelli
- 386 Jean-Luc Ponty
- 162 Billy Bang
- 142 Leroy Jenkins
- 119 Michal Urbaniak
- 108 John Blake
- 61 L. Shankar
- 45 Didier Lockwood

## VIBES

- 652 Gary Burton
- 650 Milt Jackson
- 463 Bobby Hutcherson
- 160 Lionel Hampton
- 131 Jay Hoggard
- 102 Cal Tjader
- 95 Red Norvo
- 88 Mike Mainieri
- 58 Terry Gibbs
- 47 Dave Friedman

## DRUMS

- 412 Jack DeJohnette
- 399 Steve Gadd
- 344 Max Roach
- 202 Art Blakey
- 197 Elvin Jones
- 138 Buddy Rich
- 130 Tony Williams
- 103 Ed Blackwell
- 89 Billy Higgins
- 89 Ronald Shannon Jackson
- 81 Peter Erskine
- 72 Louie Bellson
- 56 Billy Cobham
- 52 Nick Ceroli
- 52 Al Foster
- 45 Roy Haynes
- 40 Frank Butler
- 40 Peter Donald
- 40 Mel Lewis
- 40 Famoudou Don Moye

## PERCUSSION

- 603 Airto Moreira
- 392 Nana Vasconcelos
- 254 Famoudou Don Moye
- 135 Raiph MacDonald
- 132 Paulhino da Costa
- 57 Ray Barretto
- 51 Jerome Cooper
- 49 Collin Walcott
- 42 Dom Um Romao
- 40 Don Alias
- 40 Peter Erskine
- 40 Guilherme Franco
- 40 Jerry Gonzalez
- 40 Shelly Manne

## MISCELLANEOUS INSTRUMENT

- 656 Toots Thielemans (harmonica)
- 298 David Grisman (mandolin)
- 109 Howard Johnson (tuba)
- 105 Anthony Braxton (bass sax)

- 105 Abdul Wadud (cello)
- 84 Tom Scott (Lyricon)
- 77 Paul McCandless (oboe)
- 70 John Clark (french horn)
- 58 Bob Stewart (tuba)
- 51 David Murray (bass clarinet)
- 44 Rich Matteson (tuba)
- 40 Chico Freeman (bass clarinet)
- 40 Roscoe Mitchell (misc. reeds)
- 40 Andy Norell (steel drum)

## MALE SINGER

- 500 Al Jarreau
- 397 Mel Tormé
- 293 Joe Williams
- 220 Mark Murphy
- 120 Bobby McFerrin
- 115 Johnny Hartman
- 94 Frank Sinatra
- 60 Stevie Wonder
- 55 Ray Charles
- 50 Mike Campbell
- 42 Jon Hendricks
- 40 Tony Bennett
- 40 Leon Thomas

## FEMALE SINGER

- 594 Sarah Vaughan
- 350 Betty Carter
- 261 Ella Fitzgerald
- 130 Sheila Jordan
- 118 Carmen McRae
- 75 Flora Purim
- 60 Joni Mitchell
- 53 Ursula Dudziak
- 40 Rickie Lee Jones

## VOCAL GROUP

- 1075 Manhattan Transfer
- 226 Hendricks Family
- 196 Singers Unlimited
- 155 Jackie & Roy
- 78 Rare Silk
- 74 Earth, Wind & Fire
- 74 Hi-Lo's
- 47 Persuasions



Jimmy Smith



Manhattan Transfer



# THE Clash

The Clash are (from left) Mick Jones, Joe Strummer, Terry Chimes, and Paul Simonon.

REVOLUTIONARY  
ROCK



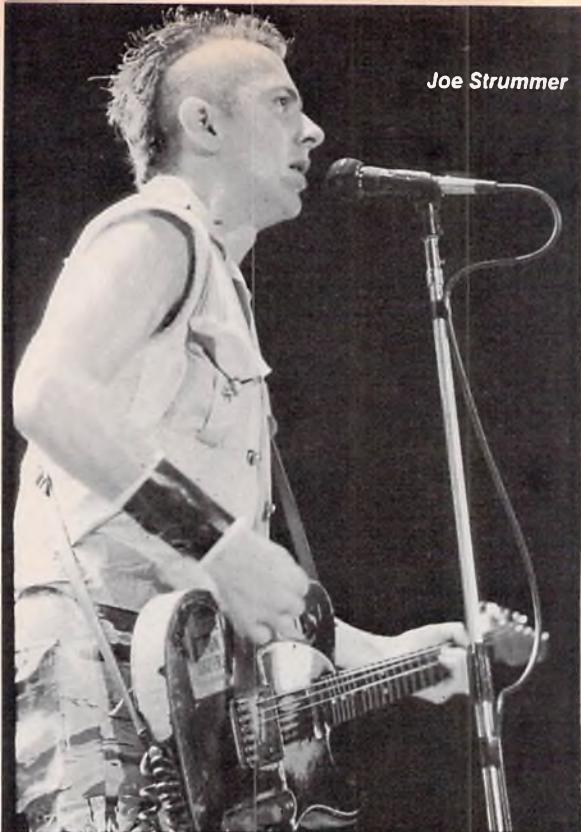
BY MICHAEL  
GOLDBERG

It's an ugly voice. Gruff, guttural, uncouth, barbaric at times. Joe Strummer can't sing, not like an Al Jarreau or a Joni Mitchell, anyway. Lyrics are shouted out in a harsh, nearly unintelligible cockney snarl. At times, this voice rips at the ears like an exploding letter-bomb. It cries out for justice in an unjust world. It nags at the soul like the memory of those nuns killed in El Salvador, like the memory of Allison Krause gunned down at Kent State by the National Guard. Joe Strummer is the singer, songwriter, and rhythm guitarist for the Clash, the most popular punk rock band in the world. Surprisingly, it is probably heard of the Clash. You've probably read that some rock critics think they're "the greatest rock & roll band in the world," as Village Voice critic Robert Christgau announced a few years back. Or maybe you noticed that their LP London Calling captured the Rock/Blues Album of the Year in the '80 down beat Readers Poll. But if you've only heard of the Clash, and haven't actually heard their

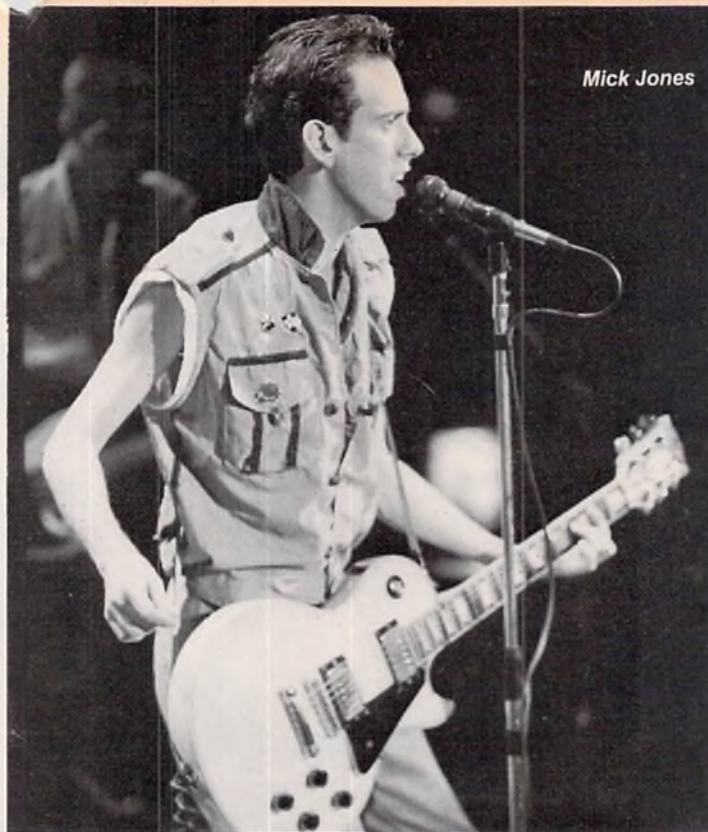
music—listened to the five albums and the EP that they've released in the U.S.—you may still be wondering what all the fuss is about. You may still be dismissing the Clash as one of those foul-mouthed punk rock bands that made a lot of media noise—and not much else—in the late '70s. Dismiss them no longer. If you listen to one rock & roll band during the next year, make it the Clash. You will discover music and lyrics as rich as anything that Bob Dylan or the Rolling Stones created in the '60s, back when rock & roll mattered, back when it was more than the uptempo elevator music one mostly hears by bands like Journey on the radio today.

At the beginning of their most recent album, *Combat Rock*, Joe Strummer shouts out: "This is a public service announcement . . . with guitars!" That single line does a good job of summing up the Clash. This is a band that makes rock & roll with a message. For the Clash, the message is as important as the rock & roll, and vice versa. "We're dealing with the power of music here," says lead guitarist/songwriter and occasional vocalist Mick





Joe Strummer



Mick Jones

**CLASH EQUIPMENT**

Joe Strummer prefers the Fender guitar sound of his vintage Esquire and Telecasters, played through Music Man amps. Mick Jones uses several Gibson Les Pauls and a Gibson semi-acoustic; he runs them through various

MXR effects into a Roland chorus echo, hooked to a Mesa Boogie amp combo with twin Marshall cabinets. Paul Simonon plays a fretless Fender Precision bass through Ampeg amp/speakers. Terry Chimes uses Ludwig drums.

**THE CLASH  
SELECTED DISCOGRAPHY**

- THE CLASH—Epic JE 36060
- GIVE 'EM ENOUGH ROPE—Epic JE 35543
- LONDON CALLING—Epic E2 36328
- BLACK MARKET CLASH—Epic 4E 36846 (EP)
- SANDINISTA!—Epic E3X 37037
- COMBAT ROCK—Epic FE 37689

Jones, who is thin and gaunt and wears his black hair short and greased back. Jones looks like a cross between a '50s rockabilly singer and a '50s hood—and that seems to be his intent. "Music can sooth furrowed brows and all that stuff," he continues, "and it works and it's true and it really can make you feel better when you have the blues. I have a lot of faith in it, the music, as a really good force."

Those are calm and reasoned words from a member of a band that has a punk reputation for being taciturn, moody, rude, even hostile. Jones, as well as his mates—Strummer, bassist Paul Simonon, and drummer Terry Chimes (the original Clash drummer, who played on their first album, was replaced for four years by Topper Headon, but began performing again with the Clash following Headon's heroin bust earlier this year)—can certainly adopt a tough pose. Yet beneath the surface bravado and "punk" attitude that they often present to the public and the media, these are dedicated, courageous musicians. Unlike a large number of other punk bands, the Clash have never trafficked in nihilism, never jabbed a safety pin through their ears, either literally or metaphorically. The Clash have always had more in common politically and idealistically with politically aware hippie rockers and folk singers of the '60s like Country Joe McDonald, Joan Baez, and the young Bob Dylan, than with the other angry young men of punk.

The bottom line for the Clash is a belief in

the human spirit, in the ability of men and women to do good. And in all their music, in the 100-plus songs that the Clash have recorded in a five-year period, this positive spirit is clearly felt. The Clash may agree with another punk band that sings "the world's a mess," but despite the darkness, they continue to have hope.

The Clash's songs are infused with a sense of social responsibility. "Hate and war—the only things there are today/And if you close your eyes/They will not go away," sings Strummer. "You have to deal with it/It is the currency." Such a refusal to close their eyes to the atrocities played out day by day around the world, and an insistence on writing about those atrocities in their songs, helps to make the Clash one of the few contemporary rock bands that truly matter.

Often, the Clash use sarcasm to make their point. In *Know Your Rights*, on their recent LP, Strummer sings, "Know your rights, all three of them." He goes on to detail those "rights." "Number one: You have the right not to be killed/Murder is a crime/Unless it was done by a policeman or an aristocrat . . . /Number two: You have the right to food, money/Providing of course you don't mind a little humiliation, investigation and (if you cross your fingers) rehabilitation/Number three: You have the right to free speech/As long as you're not dumb enough to actually try it."

• • •

Since 1978, when Jones and Strummer came to San Francisco to record vocals for

their second album, *Give 'Em Enough Rope*, I've spoken with them on several occasions. One overcast afternoon, I met them for the first time. They were wary, antagonistic, and mostly impenetrable. Strummer, a short, stocky man with a rotting, chipped front tooth that added menace to his sneer, slouched in the corner of the small lounge where the interview was to take place. He wore dark glasses and a black motorcycle jacket and had short, oily brown hair.

"So how much ya gonna make on this story, anyway," badgered his buddy, Mick Jones, who was pumping away on a pinball machine. He looked over at Strummer and they both laughed.

"I don't think we should do this interview," continued the guitarist.

"I don't either," muttered Strummer, turning away.

But they did continue the interview. I discovered later that this was just the Clash's nature. In America for the first time, they were particularly suspicious of Americans, who they thought were not to be trusted. In the Clash's camp, one is always suspect until proven innocent.

During that first interview, asked about the problems occurring in England, Jones snapped, "Not as bad as it is here! That's definite. You've got your Hershey bars and your Dr. Peppers. There's a lot more f\*\*king work to be done here than in England. Everyone watching tv. It reminds me of the Roman Empire. And every American I meet is a bullshitter.



This place tends to look not very real."

Those impressions of America as a land where the reality of the problems faced by the rest of the world do not often penetrate, came out in the Clash's song *Guns On The Roof (Of The World)*, in which Strummer sings sarcastically, "And I like to be in the USA/ Pretending that the wars are done."

When I spoke to Strummer and Jones more recently, they were no more enchanted with the U.S. and the complacency of Americans. The group's personal manager, a young man who calls himself Cosmo Vinyl said, "Nobody in America wants anything to question or upset what they might personally be. Ted Nugent never gives anyone a hard time. He's just like his fans. He never causes them to think things should be different, that things aren't right."

"I agree with him, really," said Mick Jones. "I get depressed at the thought of 50 million people worshiping Ted Nugent." Then Jones cracked a smile and said in an exaggeratedly proper English accent. "We're only doing what we can to impress upon them that there is something better going on. By being here, it can only help."

I've been talking a lot about the politics of the Clash, and politics isn't what **down beat** is usually about; **down beat** is about contemporary music. But with the Clash, one can't avoid talking about politics. The Clash don't see music as something isolated from the rest of life; they see music as a part of life. For anyone who recently lost his job—or knows someone who lost their job—and happened to hear Gary U.S. Bonds' recent hit, *Out Of Work*, the ability of music to tie into the rest of one's life should be obvious. Don't think, however, that the Clash's music is inconsequential, just because, as is often the case, interviewers and reviewers spend more time considering why the band called an album *Sandinista!* or what they think of Margaret Thatcher, than discussing the Clash's music.

The Clash make magnificent rock & roll. In concert their music roars along like a train whose brakes have worn out. Huge, raw chunks of guitar noise tumble out of Jones' amplifier. Strummer barks out the lyrics, all the while bashing at his own guitar, as if the fierceness of his strum alone determines its volume. On a good night the Clash are like a team of rock & roll guerrillas. With guitars for weapons, they seem determined to show the world that nothing will stop them, that they will win the good fight and keep the fires of truth burning.

• • •

It was in 1976 that the Clash formed, inspired by that other famous punk band, the (now defunct) Sex Pistols. Joe Strummer's previous experience as a musician included "playing to earn a living in subways . . . I had low overhead. No rent and stuff like that. Squatting in empty buildings. Busking. You play and you have a hat and they like what you play and throw money into the hat." When he got busted by the police, Strummer formed a band, the 101'ers. His band became popular on the London pub circuit. Guitarist Mick Jones and bassist Paul Si-

monon were impressed by Strummer and eventually talked him into joining the new band they were starting, which Simonon wanted to call the Clash.

With the Pistols and the Clash at the forefront, a British punk movement sprang up as a gut response to both ever-worsening conditions in England and to a rock music scene populated by elitist and wealthy superstars who had become complacent and, as Strummer railed in one song, "fat and old." Punk was firmly anti-star. "They [the audience] could be up there as easy as me," says Strummer. "In a way, we were just there. And that was it. You feel lucky. Why you? Instead of him. Why you? Don't know why. Don't ask me the f\*\*king meaning of life 'cause I don't know it."

Yet the Clash now find themselves caught in a bind, treated like stars when they tour America despite everything they can do to prevent it. "I find it humiliating," says Jones. "I try not to be anything other than just a human being. But you can't just say I don't want to sign autographs if there's a hundred people there."

"We feel a bond with our audience, but we hate them too," says Strummer candidly. "Best way to explain it is imagine if you were standing on the dock of the bay and lots of fish come. 10,000 fish and they all came to look at you and opened their mouths. You know what I mean?"

The Clash recorded their first album, *The Clash*, in 1977. Because the Clash emerged as part of England's punk movement, their rock & roll sophistication was initially overlooked. The rudeness of punk was mistaken for musical inability and ignorance. In the U.S. the Clash's label initially refused to release their first album because of what one Epic Records executive called "the tin-can sound."

But in fact, when one listens a few times to *The Clash*, one discovers much more than the sound of buzzsaw guitars and sour voices. One finds brilliant vocal arrangements that contrast Strummer's ultra-real, man-of-the-street voice against the chanted background vocals of the rest of the band. One finds inventive, concise revisions of the classic Chuck Berry guitar style, savage, but well placed, rhythm guitar work and, overall, a dramatic return to the high energy style of early rockers like the Who and the Kinks. Only this time, instead of singing about how *You Really Got Me*, the songs are about unemployment and injustice, war and racial tension.

Right from the start the Clash demonstrated a tremendous knowledge of rock music, and an uncanny ability to remake the music into an intense, highly original sound. In a song like *White Riot*, which is basically about the need for middle class whites to rebel against the unchallenging lifestyle that the government endorses, Strummer turns in one of his most embittered vocals as he sings, "All the power is in the hands/Of people rich enough to buy it/While we walk the street/Too chicken to even try it." The rest of the band counters with background voices

singing "White riot, riot of my own," that are obviously derived from the purposely "off" horn sections on Jamaican reggae and ska recordings. In a rock & roll context, this juxtaposition works perfectly, both in terms of the sound, and as far as getting the message across.

• • •

Since making that first album (which some critics have flatly stated is the best rock & roll album—period), the Clash have certainly become better musicians, yet they refuse to let technique replace emotion. With honest, uncompromising lyrics they continue to render the ravaged and decaying modern world like punk Picasso detailing their own version of *Guernica*.

The Clash's music often sounds like a violent revolution. At times it is a thunderous roar that filters bits of the Rolling Stones, reggae, the Who, Chuck Berry, rockabilly, marching soldiers, gunfire, and a brawl at some London pub into a crashing wall-of-sound. But there's a mellower side of the Clash too. *Jimmy Jazz*, from *London Calling*, is reminiscent of Tom Waits, or even Mose Allison. (The Clash included a version of Allison's *Look Here on Sandinista!*) And over the course of their five albums, they have recorded a lot of reggae, from the gutsy *Police And Thieves*, to more subtle pieces like *One More Time*, *One More Dub*. The Clash have also fit straightforward rockabilly, gospel, blues, and both classic and modern soul music—funk and rap—into their bag of tricks. *The Magnificent Seven*, the group's first rap number, was played by some of the more adventurous black stations in the U.S.; this greatly pleased the band, who felt that they were connecting directly with an audience that could appreciate their songs about oppression.

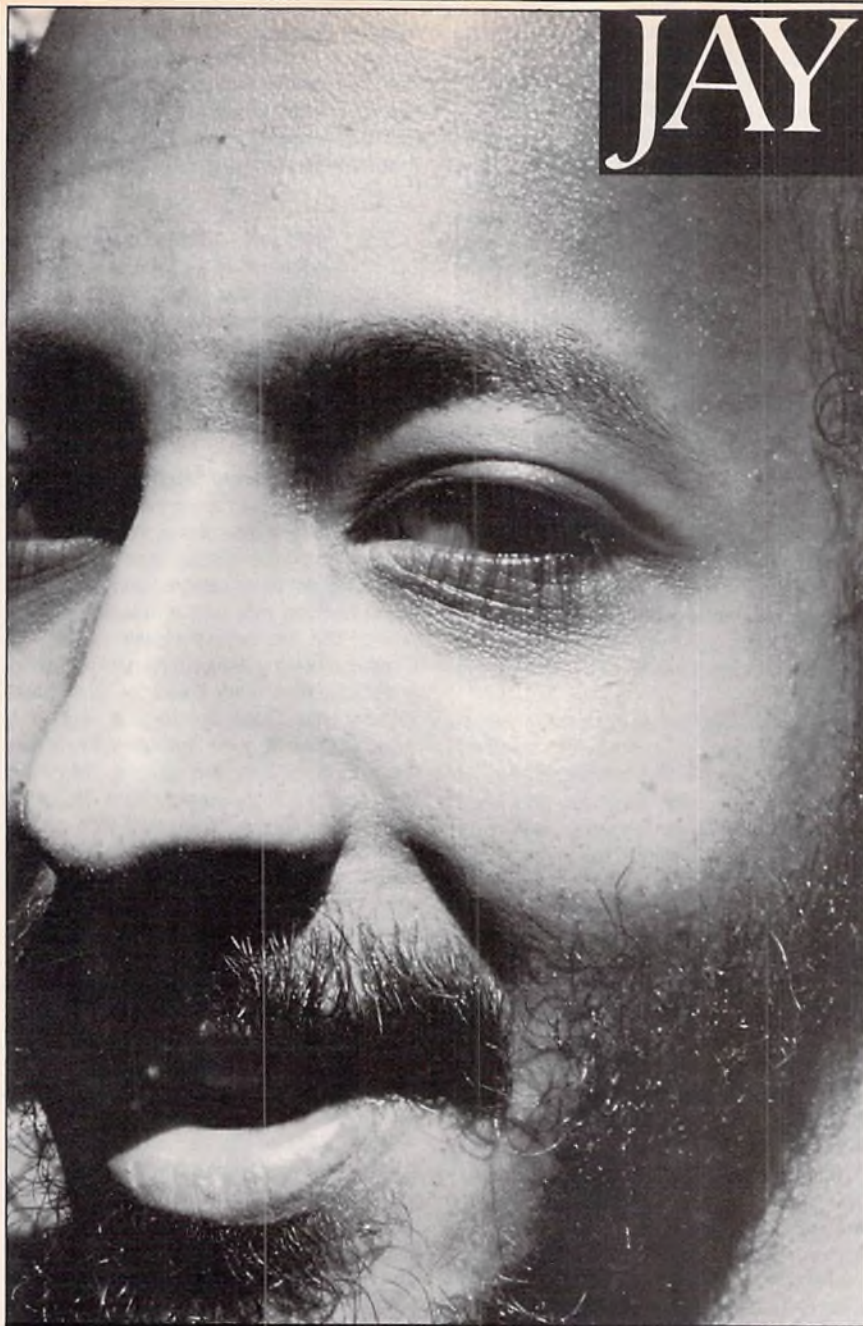
"We're not minimalists," says Mick Jones. "Where they [most punk bands] tend to keep themselves in one line, we tend to go out in every line possible—all sorts of sub-tracks." In fact, the Clash's embracing of numerous kinds of international music, and their commitment to keep that music alive in the minds of their fans, is a very important part of what they have accomplished. Particularly now, when American radio is more specialized than ever, when jazz, soul, country & western, reggae, and rock are each isolated and never heard on the same radio show, the Clash continue to demonstrate on each album (since *London Calling*) that music, like people, should not be segregated.

Of course the fact that politics are such a part of what the Clash do begs the question: Can political rock & roll actually accomplish anything? The Clash try to be realistic, if not optimistic. "Maybe it won't change anything," says Mick Jones, "but I still believe in it, as something worth doing. Perhaps we're too ambitious a band. I would say rock & roll can contribute toward some minor change." Then he adds stubbornly, "But it ain't gonna tell the politicians what to do. It ain't gonna save people from wars."

Adds Strummer with finality, "But we'll have a go at it."

db





# JAY

BY LEE JESKE

"I want to make a hit record, I really do. I want that popularity, I want that visibility. I want to make *the money*. There's no question about that, I have no hang-ups about that any more, that in order to be creative you've got to be broke. I totally reject that. I feel that anytime anyone gets a record deal—*great*. And if they make any money at it—*great*. I have two pure art records that I made *nothing* on—zero, minus. With my next record I really want to get that Grover [Washington Jr.] audience."

Perhaps the Lionel Hampton record that is spinning on Jay Hoggard's turntable is too loud. In these days of "in the tradition" and "neo-bop" and "jazz classicism" and "I'm only going to play pure jazz now, man," I could've sworn that I just heard Jay Hoggard—the most respected young vibraphonist to come around since Gary Burton and Bobby Hutcherson, and the Talent Deserving Wider Recognition in the **db** Critics Poll for the last three years running—say that what he's interested in is that mass audience, those big bucks.

But Jay, I ask sheepishly, what about your credibility? "I've done things that have already gotten me credibility," he says. "I got five stars for my solo record, and I got five stars for my duet record with Anthony Davis. When the duet record, which was recorded in Germany, finally got released here, they sent me two copies, and said for me to get any other copy will cost two dollars. You know what I'm saying? And I'm thrilled about that record; I love that record."

"I'm very aware of the credibility thing, but at this point I feel I've established my credibility in a way that I'm not worried about anymore. I'm confident of my credibility; I want to make some money right now."

But what about the dozens of other jazz musicians who went into the funk field and fell on their faces? "I know that the difference between what I want to do, and what they do—and I don't want to mention any names—is that I don't want to play a bunch of stupid tunes. They've made some terrible records. If I make a terrible record, I deserve whatever I get. I've already gotten one star from Leonard Feather on what I considered a great record. Now if I ever make a record that I think sucks, I deserve to get kicked in the ass. But if I ever make a record and it gets one star, it doesn't matter, because I'm going to put my heart into it."

Jay Hoggard is serious about what he says. He is about to go into the studio and make a 12-inch r&b single for Gramavision—something along the lines of Quincy Jones, according to Jay, with a full-blown vocal production. He will be the producer, will write the words and music, and will play the vibes. He won't, he says, do any of the singing.

"I'd damn sure like to be in the position that Quincy's in; there's no question about it. I don't feel that it's a compromise. I'm just really tuned into the popular music—American popular music in general, Afro-American in specific. I grew up on it; I came out of the

# HOGGARD BANKING ON THE VIBES





church where it all came from, and I see no discrepancy. Hey, if I can get a hit record, that's what I want."

But Jay, I say, giving one more plea for good old jazz, can't you do both? "Yes, yes," he answers with perspicacity, "I'd like to be able to be known as also being involved with music of the caliber of Anthony Davis and Muhal Richard Abrams. One of the things that turned me around was recently jamming with George Benson. In June I was playing with Jorge Dalto down at Greene Street [a popular NYC Soho cabaret] and George came down, because Jorge had been in his band. At first my attitude was, 'Hey man, when this cat comes on, I'm going to blow him off the stage—I'm going to wipe him.' Because this year I'm at my prime and I had been practicing for a Carnegie Hall Kool concert, so I was ready. I said, 'I'm going to wipe this cat out.'

"He got on the stage and we played his tunes—we played *Breezin'* and *Take Five*—and he *smoked*. Man, this cat played so well and I'm not really a competitive person, but I did say, 'Hey, why are they making this big whoop-de-do, we're here.' But George came on and he killed—he *killed*. I never really connected with the guitar, but after hearing him play, that's the definitive guitar for me. He was fantastic. And that turned me around completely, 'cause I said, 'Hey, this cat has made a lot of money, and I really respect him for that, but he's playing his ass off. He's great.' And that really was inspiring. I never was so inspired except when I played with Muhal Richard Abrams. Playing with Benson was inspiring because it really told me all you've got to do is play, as long as you play and have your heart tuned in—no matter what style it's in, what form."

Jay Hoggard was born on September 24, 1954, the son of a bishop in the AME (African Methodist Episcopal) Zion Church, "the oldest independent black denomination in America." His grandfather was also a minister in the AME Zion Church, as is his brother. But one day, while in church, Hoggard realized he was to take another path.

"Either Duke Ellington's father or mother was AME Zion, so they had the premiere of the Second Sacred Concert at Mother Zion Church in Harlem. I was 12 and I was interested, so at the break my father took me back to the office, which was being used as a dressing room, and said, 'Duke, I'd like you to meet my son.' And I looked up and he was about *nine* feet tall. And he said, 'Hello son, how are you?' That was the real turning point to knowing that I really did want to play music and really did want to play jazz."

At that point Jay was already familiar with music. He took piano lessons from his mother, who, he says, played standard tunes in "a motherly way." He also took saxophone lessons, starting in the fourth grade, from neighbor John Purcell, then in the sixth grade. It was at the Purcell home, in Mount Vernon, NY, that Jay first encountered the vibraphone, which John's brother Richard played.

"I used to bang around on them," Hoggard

says. "Then one night, in the 10th grade, I had a dream that I was playing the vibes, so I went and rented a set. When I finally got the instrument and as soon as I started playing it, I knew that this is what I was supposed to do. That first year I practiced like 10 hours a day; I'd come home from school and practice."

When he wasn't practicing, he was listening. He "de-emphasized" his taste for Stevie Wonder and Smokey Robinson in favor of Bobby Hutcherson and, eventually, John Coltrane and Eric Dolphy.

"By the time I really started playing," he recalls, "I got to where I said, 'Cancel r&b and rock & roll, all I want to do is play.' By 11th grade, my ambition was to play with McCoy Tyner."

Throughout high school Hoggard would travel down from his Westchester County home for lessons in Manhattan with Lynn

son—all of whom recognized the young vibist's talents—and Jay found that he didn't have to work in the dining room to earn pocket money, he could do it by playing local gigs. The summer after his freshman year, he was in Europe as a member—along with Jimmy Garrison and Clifford Jarvis—of Clifford Thornton's quartet. By that time, he says, he had become a "Trane fanatic" and was leaning toward the avant garde end of the spectrum. But he was also keeping one ear trained on the classic Blue Notes of the '60s and on such vibes players as Lionel Hampton, for whom Jay has great admiration.

During the middle '70s Connecticut had a small but thriving jazz scene. Wes Brown, a bass player, introduced Hoggard to Anthony Davis, who was then at Yale. At Yale he met Nat Adderley Jr. and, through him, Dwight Andrews, Leo Smith, and Pheeroan Ak Laff.



**JAY HOGGARD'S EQUIPMENT**  
Deagan Commander electric vibraphone;  
Musser M-55 and M-75 vibraphones;

Bergerault Americo Model vibraphone; Senegalese balafon; Mesa Boogie or Fender Twin tube amplifiers; custom-made mallets.

Oliver and, eventually, at the Jazzmobile workshop—lessons which he would apply to the high school group he was part of, whose repertoire consisted of funky items like Eddie Harris' *Freedom Jazz Dance* and Herbie Mann's *Comin' Home Baby*. By the time Jay graduated from high school, he was sure of which direction he was going to take: he was going to be a philosopher.

"If I knew that I wanted to be a musician," he says, "I would have ended up going to the Manhattan School Of Music or Juilliard, and probably would have ended up purely a studio player and would have been miserable. Instead I went to Wesleyan, and my first year I was a philosophy major; then I was an anthropology major, and finally I switched to ethnomusicology."

What started pointing Hoggard's head in a musical direction were two things: the faculty at Wesleyan included Clifford Thornton, Ed Blackwell, Sam Rivers, and Jimmy Garri-

Jay got to know Jackie McLean, who was teaching in the Nutmeg State, and got to study with Bill Barron, about whom Hoggard says, "Bill is like a really, really learned musician. He was one of my biggest influences, he taught me a lot about harmonic things."

Another major influence on the young Hoggard was a summer study program in Tanzania. As an ethnomusicology major, he was to study African forms of xylophones, and it was there that he became heavily interested in the balafon, a native instrument that he now plays like a native. The balafon is based on a six-note scale and is played seated cross-legged on the floor; its sound resembles a marimba, but it has a flatter tone.

In his senior year at Wesleyan, Hoggard began getting serious about music. Upon graduation, lacking in the funds to set himself up as a free-lancer in New York, he took a job, along with Anthony Davis, teaching at New Haven's Educational Center for the Arts,





## JAY HOGGARD SELECTED DISCOGRAPHY

### as a leader

MYSTIC WINDS, TROPIC BREEZES—India Navigation IN 1049

DAYS LIKE THESE—Arista/GRP 5004

RAIN FOREST—Contemporary CR 14007

SOLO VIBRAPHONE—India Navigation IN 1040

### with Chico Freeman

PEACEFUL HEART, GENTLE SPIRIT—Contemporary CR 14005

NO TIME LEFT—Black Saint BSR 0036

KINGS OF MALI—India Navigation IN 1035

### with Clifford Thornton

COMMUNICATIONS NETWORK—Third World 12272

### with Anthony Davis

UNDER THE DOUBLE MOON—Pausa 7120

SONG FOR THE OLD WORLD—India Navigation IN 1036

### with Michael Gregory Jackson

GIFTS—Arista Novus AN 3013

### with Roberta Flack

BUSTIN' LOOSE—MCA 5141

### with Candi Staton

CANDI STATION—Warner Brothers BSK 3428

### with Ahmed Abdullah

LIFE'S FORCE—About Time AT 1001

### with Gerry Hemingway

KWAMBE—Auricle AUR 1

which he describes as something like a music and arts high school.

"That was a real good year," he remembers. "They had a nice facility and a lot of money, so we could do a lot of different kinds of things. I had a big band there and I taught theory. I also had private students. It was really good because it gave me a year to stretch out and understand what I wanted to do. After that year Anthony started a summer program where each Monday night we would do a performance, in New Haven, of one of the masters of jazz—Duke, Monk, Bird, Coltrane, and Mingus. I had moved to New York in June of '77, but for the first two months of that summer, doing those concerts was how I lived."

Through a simple twist of fate (involving the fact that Anthony Davis had also moved to Manhattan but didn't have his phone installed, and that Chico Freeman wanted Davis on his *Kings Of Mali* album, about to be recorded for India Navigation, and was given Hoggard's number to call to leave a message for Davis; Chico called, realized he was talking to the vibes player he had met some months before, and invited him to the gig as well) Jay appeared on his first record. "That was in September of '77," he says, "and from there I just started playing around a lot."

He played with Chico and Anthony and Ahmed Abdullah and Michael Gregory Jackson, and quickly started building a reputation as the new vibes player in town. Although the malletman's visibility was with the young New York avant garde players, he always kept his fingers in the funk pie, playing a New Haven club which he calls, "a hole-in-the-wall in the ghetto that was a *real funk club*. I always loved that and I've always done both."

Jay's reputation as a player of new music was sealed on November 18, 1978 when he gave a mesmerizing solo vibes performance at the Public Theatre, opening a concert for Joseph Jarman and Don Moye. National Public Radio was on hand to tape the concert, and Jay was able to get a copy of the tape, which was eventually released in the spring of '79 on India Navigation. It garnered rave reviews from the jazz press.

Present in the audience at that concert were Dave Grusin and Larry Rosen, who were beginning to sign a number of players to their GRP fusion label. Grusin and Rosen were there on the behest of bassist Francisco Centeno, a friend of Hoggard's. The vibist fit into the mold of the first GRP signings—he was young, good looking, and talented. He was gobbled up, and even before the solo vibraphone concert was released on LP, he was in the studio with Grusin recording *Days Like These*.

"The GRP experience was good," says Jay, "because I learned an awful lot about how to make a pop record. But it wasn't good artistically, because Dave, as a producer, exercised too much of his shit on it. On *Days Like These* they spent over \$100,000, of which I had control over *nothing*. We spent months and months in the studio, and it was \$100,000 spent on *my* record, but I had *no* creative control over it.

"When *Days Like These* came out, everybody who had known me in the jazz area was stunned. You see, the New York people didn't know that I had done funk and, on the other hand, the GRP people didn't know anything about the more experimental music. They're two separate worlds."

Jay continued gigging around New York with a variety of bands, including his own, but he still wasn't convinced that full-time music was the life for him. The GRP record hadn't made him a star and hadn't made him wealthy. It wasn't until the middle of 1981—1981—when his third album, *Rain Forest*, was released that Jay made his decision to pursue a musical career. *Rain Forest* is a lot less glossy than *Days Like These*, and Jay was happier with it, but life was still not easy.

"At that point I was still saying, 'The hell with this; I don't have to live like this. I can teach; I can get a job and make much more money than I'm making; blah, blah, blah. Or I can stay with this music.' It was a real period of growth and transition, because I really had to put it on the line to myself: 'Do you want to live this way—month to month?' I really did the starving artist trip, even with a couple of records out. The reality is that a record is like having your name in the phone book—it doesn't necessarily mean anything. And living in New York is real expensive.

"Fortunately I was single and I didn't have any children, but at a certain point I got behind in my bills and it was like, 'Okay, Jay, you can either go out and get a job or you can do music 24 hours a day like you're doing. Which do you want to do?' I said, 'I want to do music and if I do it now, I'm going to do it for the rest of my life.' That was really when I decided that."

This year has seen the release of two Jay Hoggard albums, both in a decidedly jazz vein: *Mystic Winds*, *Tropic Breezes*, which he feels is the best album he's made to date, and *Under The Double Moon*, the album of duets with Anthony Davis which was recorded in 1980.

Hoggard is confident that he can toe the line between what he calls "art music" and "popular music." He unabashedly says, "I am looking for a *Headhunters* or *Grover Washington* hit. That's what I want. I feel confident that not only can I get that audience, but that my other audience won't leave me. At this point I haven't been that visible in either area yet, where I can say, 'I can't do both.' Maybe in 10 years I'll say, 'Okay, *shit*, I can't do both.'

"I don't want to be the introspective so-and-so. I've gone through that and I've seen that that's not really how I'm going to get what I want to get. Cecil Taylor, who I played with, is one of the most brilliant human beings I've ever met in life. But most people, when they think of Cecil Taylor, don't think in those terms. He's kind of like a misunderstood genius. And that's what I don't want to be. And I don't want to be, like Mingus, the tragic genius.

"I just want to die an old guy who is accepted and playing music. All I want is for people to think, 'This is some valid music.'" **db**



# RECORD REVIEWS

★★★★★EXCELLENT

★★★★VERY GOOD

★★★GOOD

★★FAIR

★POOR

## ART BLAKEY AND THE JAZZ MESSENGERS

**ALBUM OF THE YEAR**—Timeless SLP 155:

CHERYL; MS. BC; IN CASE YOU MISSED IT; LITTLE MAN; WITCH HUNT; SOULFUL MISTER TIMMONS.

**Personnel:** Blakey, drums; Wynton Marsalis, trumpet; Robert Watson, alto saxophone; Bill Pierce, tenor saxophone; James Williams, piano; Charles Fambrough, bass.

★★★★★

**ORIGINALLY**—Columbia FC 38036: LATE SHOW; ILL WIND; WEIRD-O; CAROL'S INTERLUDE; LIL' T; THE NEW MESSAGE; GERSHWIN MEDLEY (RHAPSODY IN BLUE, SUMMERTIME, SOMEONE TO WATCH OVER ME, THE MAN I LOVE).

**Personnel:** Blakey, drums; Donald Byrd (cuts 1-6), Bill Hardman (7), trumpet; Ira Sullivan, tenor saxophone, trumpet (5, 6); Jackie McLean, alto saxophone (7); Hank Mobley, tenor saxophone (1-4); Horace Silver (1-4), Kenny Drew (5, 6), Sam Dockery (7), piano; Doug Watkins (1-4), Wilbur Ware (5, 6), Spanky DeBrest (7), bass.

★★★★★

**'S MAKE IT**—Limelight EXPR 1022: FAITH; 'S MAKE IT; WALTZ FOR RUTH; ONE FOR GAMAL; LITTLE HUGHIE; OLYMPIA; LAMENT FOR STACY.

**Personnel:** Blakey, drums; Lee Morgan, trumpet; Curtis Fuller, trombone; John Gilmore, tenor saxophone; John Hicks, piano; Victor Sproles, bass.

★★★★★

No three albums could begin to encapsulate the achievements of Art Blakey's stewardship of the Jazz Messengers; certainly not the present trio, as only *Record Of The Year* summarizes a chapter of the Blakey epic. As *Originally* gives a lopsided perspective of the first three editions of the Messengers, *'S Make It* documents Lee Morgan's reunion with Blakey, and a principle soloist like Wynton Marsalis has left the Messengers since the 1981 Timeless date, the three albums do convey the transitory nature of Blakey's graduate school. These discs also suggest that as the personnel of the Jazz Messengers has changed, the nature of the hard-bop movement changed; reactionary at its inception and now the dominant improvisational mode in American music, hard-bop has been fortunate to be aided through its life crises by organizers like Blakey.

The four tracks that feature the original Jazz Messengers on *Originally* de-emphasize the catalytic role of Horace Silver. Focusing instead on Hank Mobley, who penned everything except the gliding *Ill Wind*, on which he is the only soloist, these tracks strike a balance between the then-disfavored bebop filligrees and the earthier approach embodied by Silver. On the front line, Mobley's subtle tension is well foiled by Donald Byrd's hard-hitting drive, particularly on *Carol's Interlude*, the funkiest outing of the four. Byrd became the lynchpin of the first post-Silver version of the Messengers, composing *Lil' T* and *The New Message* (the only



GILL SMITHERMAN

instrumentals recorded by that band), two cooks that Byrd as a soloist handles deftly. An added treat on *Message* is the two-chorus trumpet exchange between Byrd and Ira Sullivan, whose otherwise fine tenor work is plagued by a squeaky reed. The novelty Gershwin medley neither reflects Jackie McLean's contribution to the idiom nor ends this collection on an auspicious note.

By 1964, eight years after the CBS sessions, the innovations of Silver et al. had met the fate that bebop had in the '50s; except in the hands of masters like Lee Morgan, the forms had become cliched. On *'S Make It*, Morgan's compositions—like the title piece, a tension-and-release minor blues, and *One For Gamal*, an old-timey flavored line based partly on a descending scale—have melodic contents that enliven the conventional rhythmic flow. With imaginative, controlled use of mouthpiece and valve effects, Morgan's solos are, at once, brash and sophisticated, whether the issue at hand is Curtis Fuller's boisterous blues *Little Hughie*, or *Olympia*, John Hicks' striking ballad. In addition to the work of Morgan, *'S Make It* is noteworthy because a fluent 23-year-old Hicks and a hard-edged John Gilmore are included in the lineup.

The edition with which Blakey began his second quarter-century at the helm reconciles the soulfulness of Morgan and Bobby Timmons and the probing intensity of Wayne Shorter and Woody Shaw during their respective tenures. Parker's *Cheryl*, James Williams' toe-tapping tribute to Timmons, vintage Shorter (*Witch Hunt*), and well-honed lines by Bobby Watson and Charles Fambrough form a survey of the bop tradition on *Album Of The Year* that is animated by Blakey at every turn. Particularly on *Soulful* and

Watson's jabbing *In Case*, Marsalis lives up to the hype that has been heaped upon him, but at no time does he overshadow the considerable talents of the others. A record that almost lives up to its presumptuous title, *Album Of The Year* confirms that Blakey's bandleading and drumming acumen are in their prime.

—bill shoemaker

## JAMES NEWTON

**PORTRAITS**—India Navigation IN 1051: *THE PREACHER AND THE MUSICIAN*; CAROLYN KEIKI MINGUS; *PORTRAIT OF DAVID MURRAY*; *PORTRAIT OF PHEEROAN AK LAFF*.

**Personnel:** Newton, flute; Cecil McBee, bass; Phillip Wilson, drums; Abdul Wadud, cello; Bob Neloms, piano.

★★★★★

Has anyone thought to dub James Newton the Keith Jarrett of the flute? Granted, the similarities between these players are hardly exact, but I suspect they're close enough to be illuminating. Like Jarrett, Newton is a borderline jazz player. He certainly doesn't swing, at least not in the conventional sense of the term. Like Jarrett, Newton respects the purity of acoustic instrumentation while delving into expanding his instrument's possibilities of texture, density, and sonority. And, like Jarrett, Newton is, simply, a virtuoso musician.

All of Newton's hallmarks are evidenced on *Portraits*, a collection of four loosely connected pieces which at once form a kind of programmatic suite and concurrently explore the possibilities of several different duet and trio formats. The longest of these pieces, *The Preacher And The Musician*, joins Newton with cellist Abdul Wadud in an intricate duet



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which alternates freely improvised passages with structured interludes. Both players fully exploit what used to be called the "extra-musical" qualities of their instruments. Newton's characteristic use of overblowing, multiphonics, and exploitation of the full spectrum of flute timbre neatly foils Wadud's drones, double-stops, guitar-like strumming, and walking bass lines. This colloquy concludes in a tranquil, anthem-like coda.

Newton's reading of Charlie Mingus' Carolyn Keiki Mingus uses an entirely different structure of textural and organizational schemata. Supported by Bob Neloms' rich piano voicings, Newton glides through this ballad's fixed harmonic structure and gentle, lyrical melody, using—for lack of a better term—straight "jazz" phrasing.

The flutist approaches his *Portrait Of David Murray* with Jarrett-like intensity. Mixing short toots with explosive, overblown lines and passages voiced in several octaves with bassist Cecil McBee, Newton punctuates his phrases with frantic gasps for breath. And on his *Portrait Of Pheeroan Ak Laff*, Newton's harmonics build thick, spiraling sound structures. His use of upper partials creates nearly synthesizer-like sonorities.

Few records crossing my turntable demand an immediate replaying. This release does.  
—jon balleras

display on the beautiful ballad *Reflections* has an Art Tatum touch. He handles the askew swirls of the title cut perfectly in unison with Rouse, and effectively conjures up Monk in ensembles throughout the album.

Rouse's hoarse, throaty tenor timbre is the voice of an old friend from Monk's quartet of 1959-70. Mellow now, he doesn't fragment his improvisations as much as before, but retains a powerful feeling of swing. Check out *Eronel's* solo flight and Rouse's skipping, skimming skein on *Four In One* for evidence.

Riley penetrates and extends *Evidence's* splintered theme. Monk's performances always seemed to guide his drummers into simple linear modes of soloing (as distinguished from polyrhythmic complexity), and Riley was one of Monk's most musical. (He was with the pianist from 1964 until 1968.) He remains swingingly melodic on this album.

This version of *Monk's Dream*, slipping out of rhythmic gear at the beginning of each solo for a bit of free-floating interplay, is the best ensemble piece on the album. It is one example of the contextual expansiveness (for those musicians who know how to see through it) of Monk's music. Monk's sphere created its own gravity, and *Sphere* is here to tell us about it—impressively in this debut album.  
—owen cordle

**GEORGE WINSTON**

**WINTER INTO SPRING**—Windham Hill C-1019: *JANUARY STARS*; *FEBRUARY SEA*; *OCEAN WAVES (O MAR)*; *REFLECTION*; *RAIN DANCE*; *BLOSSOM MEADOW*; *THE VENICE DREAMER: PART ONE*—*INTRODUCTION, PART TWO*.  
**Personnel:** Winston, piano.

★ ★ ★ ★

The minor phenomenon of George Winston bears some scrutiny. Appearing suddenly on the scene a couple of years ago with his first Windham Hill album, *Autumn*, the pianist immediately attracted a large following both on record and in his live appearances. In actuality, Winston has been around, playing an eclectic mixture of blues, stride piano, Indian-tinged and more contemporary jazz for at least the past 10 years. An unheralded album entitled *Ballads And Blues* (Lost Lake Arts) came out in 1972.

This latest recording is already high on playlists all across the country, and Winston's bookings have multiplied. What is it that creates such a flurry of interest in one relatively unknown non-radical artist? Possibly his very simplicity is the key to his popularity. There is a gentleness to his playing, an uncomplicatedness in his composing. One gets the impression that his writing perfectly reflects his personality.

The music world generally, and jazz in particular, seems to have been inundated lately with experiments, overdubbing, multi-layered effects, and even the acoustic players have presented us with deep, profound, often philosophical or protesting material. This album, though, is pervaded with a bucolic mood. Each piece creates an image

**SPHERE**

**FOUR IN ONE**—Elektra Musician 60166-1:  
*FOUR IN ONE*; *LIGHT BLUE*; *MONK'S DREAM*; *EVIDENCE*; *REFLECTIONS*; *ERONEL*.  
**Personnel:** Charlie Rouse, tenor saxophone; Kenny Barron, piano; Buster Williams, bass; Ben Riley, drums.

★ ★ ★ ★ ½

The main musical difference between *Sphere*, the quartet with two of the late pianist/composer Thelonious Sphere Monk's ex-sidemans (Rouse and Riley), and Monk's various quartets is that *Sphere* is, as pianist Barron notes, "more fluid." Although the group is not strictly a Monk repertory band, its first album (recorded the very morning of Monk's death, which was unknown to the players at the time) presents an all-Monk program. Bassist Williams states that the quartet wanted "to get Monk's music out so he could hear it."

The bassist, the most fluid element in the group, elastically undergirds everything. His sound springs from one note to the next in his walk, and when he solos he leaves an impression of continued quarter-note time underneath huge slides, earth-shaking reverberations, structured planes of fast-moving pitches, and deeply padded low-hanging tones. He shadows the mysterious steps of *Light Blue* with Rouse, here and elsewhere shifting seamlessly from ensemble to solo and back.

Barron does not attempt to imitate Monk's choppy, crepitan piano style, but plays his own bop-rooted brand of swinging lines and sparse, smooth-cornering chords. His brisk



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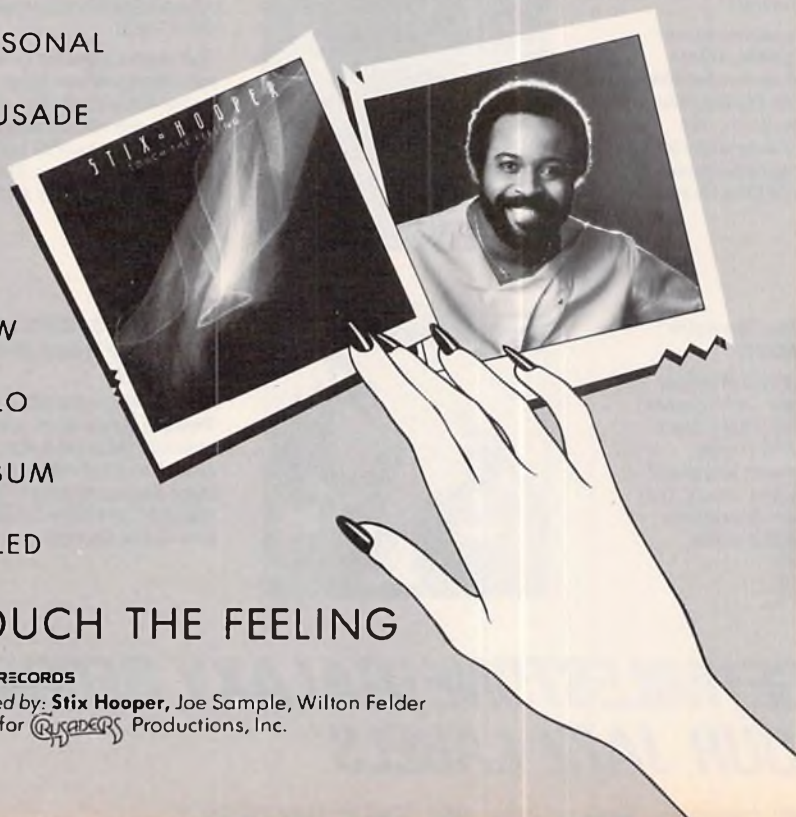
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commensurate with its title: strolling along the beach, as in *February Sea*; gazing at the night sky in *January Stars*; collecting an armful of spring flowers in *Blossom Meadow*. These are experiences most of us have had at one time or another, and can instantly relate to.

Essentially this is music to help one simply let go of the mind, and listen from the heart (which is obviously where Winston's inspiration emanates from). There's no need to wonder or discuss whether it's good or bad, clever or far out . . . just lay back and let the sounds wash over you. A golden opportunity to become quiet inside.

This, of course, may not be everybody's cup of tea; some listeners will want to hear more variety, more intensity. However, the change of pace can be a welcome relief. Winston has an uncanny knack of revealing that part of a person that might otherwise remain undiscovered. Some of us may not wish to expose that; others who know there resides a special place within, but are unsure how to reach it, might find *Winter Into Spring* the perfect vehicle for the journey.

—frankie nemko-graham

**ART PEPPER**

**ROADGAME**—Galaxy GXY-5142: ROADGAME;  
 ROAD WALTZ; WHEN YOU'RE SMILING;  
 EVERYTHING HAPPENS TO ME.

**PERSONNEL:** Pepper, alto saxophone, clarinet;  
 George Cables, piano; David Williams, bass;  
 Carl Burnett, drums.

★ ★ ★ ★

It has long struck me that among the most curious of ironies attending the natural dissemination of jazz influences is the fact that so few of our great soloists can be said to have fathered entire schools of disciples. Certainly, Armstrong and Hawkins did in the '20s and '30s, as did Young and Parker in the '40s and '50s. But what of the other universally acknowledged innovative stylists of the past? Wherein lies their legacy but in fleetingly rare instances of all but forgotten names? Today, the Beiderbecke heritage lives on, for the most part, only in the playing of talented semi-pros working the underground revivalist circuit. And even "Benny Goodman-type" clarinetists, once so numerous, have by now become almost as scarce as those still pursuing the dreams of the ancient masters from New Orleans.

Unquestionably, though at the same time a sad admission, the late Art Pepper, for all his wide and lengthy exposure over the years, must be classified as a leader without followers. While precociously involved in a singularly advantageous apprenticeship in jazz that included both big band experience and a simultaneous immersion in ghetto bop sessions, Pepper began to forge a style of playing that would soon become his own. Quite intuitively, he swung far closer to the heartbeat of jazz than did either of his more immediately comparable peers, Paul Desmond and Lee Konitz, as well as exhibiting from early on a lyrical sense that, among his contemporaries, could only be equaled by a Getz or Sims. He recorded profusely and well over the ensuing years, but nevertheless failed to attract the critical attention so necessary in our times. Indeed, his "case" only





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began to become newsworthy upon his release from jail; then, and only then, did we start to see the mounting profusion of new and old recordings that now happily swell our shelves.

Recently it had become a commonplace to ponder in advance the direction of each newly announced Pepper album, for one of the saxophonist's perennial posits was a lack of predetermined machination. A natural jazzman if there ever was one—and surely there were: just think of Bix, Pee Wee, and Bird—Pepper could only play one way, and that was honestly. So, a live date, such as the one herein discussed, could hardly be any less accurate a portrait than one concocted in a studio.

Recorded at Los Angeles' Maiden Voyage on August 15, 1981, this album offers only four songs, but how different each is from the other! *Roadgame*, a traditional 12-bar medium blues, spotlights an incisive Cables solo immediately after the head, but then zooms in on an attentively structured, increasingly convoluted series of choruses by Pepper. *Road Waltz* is also a medium blues, but this time in 3/4 and with an unmistakably Monkish flavor. The line, by Pepper, is especially attractive, as is his thematically relevant chopped, angular approach to improvisation. *When You're Smiling* was a suitable choice for Pepper's late return to his first instrument, the clarinet, but, sadly, his chops were just not up to the forbidding task. This may, however, be too strong a censure, for within the Lestorian concept of clarinet tone that Pepper obviously prefers, he is certainly as fine as others of that persuasion. He plays the instrument as warmly as one can without vibrato, but falls too easily into the trap of corny staccato articulation and is hopelessly inept in the upper register. However, his sense of phrasing and structure can still teach many a more skilled clarinet player a thing or two about swinging. Home ground is refound, though, on the final track, *Everything Happens To Me*, where Pepper returns to his most effective voice, the alto. Replete with all manner of emotional scar-bearing, this track seems to serve as a summing up of all the tragic ironies of this ill-fated artist's life. Indeed, had the choice been mine, it would have been this title, and not *Roadgame*, that would have been emblazoned on the album's cover.

—jack sohmer

### BILLY COBHAM'S GLASS MENAGERIE

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Personnel: Cobham, percussion; Dean Brown, guitar; Gil Goldstein, keyboards; Tim Landers, bass.

★ ★ ½

For any of you curious of Billy Cobham's whereabouts, he's been holed up in Switzerland, playing with some young Americans, contemplating the future of American music. Here the drummer presents his view of that future.

The album is more appealing than his last

## Rocky White's reasons for playing Yamaha System Drums.

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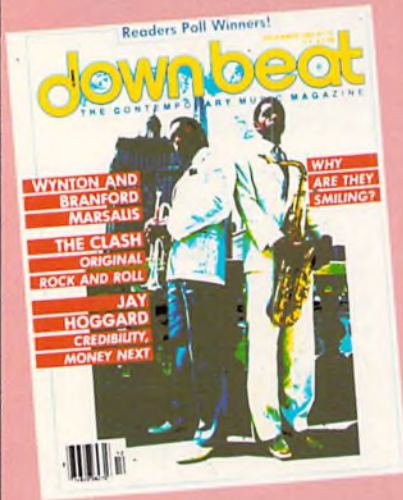




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# RECORD REVIEWS

couple of CBS efforts, by default. At least there are no hackneyed vocal attempts. But the songs still don't really mesh together. Taken individually they are all hefty exercises, but together are disparate. There is a metallic overtone to Cobham's tight groove on the blues jam *Jailbait*, a tune that this schooled band takes nowhere. If they meant it to be a joke, they forgot to give the punch line. The drummer is way up in the mix, and his part doesn't seem to merit the lead role—but then neither does what his young Americans are doing. *M.S.R.* is a showcase of Cobham's trappings, and the drummer proves that his wrists are still the fastest around, slamming tons of notes into the short spaces he's allowed. But while the tune is exciting from a pyrotechnic standpoint, it sounds like it could have been written by Jean-Luc Ponty, Jeff Lorber, Al DiMeola, or even many of the fusion die-hards that hang around backstage at their shows trying to peddle tapes.

Goldstein's *Chiquita Linda* is almost as pop as the Menagerie's arrangement of Earth, Wind And Fire's *Take It To The Sky*. Either tune could be right off the soundtrack of a made-for-tv movie. In terms of being compositionally sound, of course, these two cuts also stand the best chance of "progressive" radio airplay. Cobham's obligatory power roll at the end of *Chiquita* is amusing. Would he end *Girl From Ipanema* with a power roll?

Cobham's two compositions are the most interesting to this ear. *Arroyo* is similar to *Song For A Friend*, from the drummer's *Life And Times* album. It is a light tune, melodically pleasing, and shows off Cobham in a supportive, sensitive role. The tune *Observation & Reflections* is compositionally akin to what Cobham wrote for his three-horn bands, and is probably what the majority of the people who will buy this record want to hear. It is a suite that travels through different meters and moods, in and out of melodic sections, features some of Goldstein's best work, and of course a drum solo. Cobham's best solo albums—*Spectrum*, *Crosswinds*, *Total Eclipse*—had a continuum and a sense of adventure. They also had a larger dose of Cobham's creative juices. Possibly the musicians the drummer was playing with on those early records brought out the flow of ideas. In any case, *Observations &* rarely hints at continuum, in a band sense, and lacks consistent fire. —robin tolleson

## TONY SCOTT

**GOLDEN MOMENTS**—Muse MR 5230: *LIKE SOMEONE IN LOVE; WALKIN'; I CAN'T GET STARTED; FREE AND EASY BLUES; MY MELANCHOLY BABY.*

**Personnel:** Scott, clarinet; Bill Evans, piano; Jimmy Garrison, bass; Pete LaRoca, drums.

★ ★ ★

Of the Italian clarinet princes in the court of King Benny, Buddy De Franco had clean bop chops and ideology. Jimmy Giuffre headed

for the cool school and composer's garret, and Tony Scott (Anthony Sciacca of Morristown, NJ) got by on his wits and gumption. Scott's harried, hurried runs, turgid if daring conception, and sour, fuzzy tone displayed on these tapes resurrected from 8/59, show him as especially unfocused (compared to more lucid recordings with Evans from the same period, on Seeco 425 and RCA 1452), but may give some notions as to why he was off on his six-year world tour barely three months later.

Except for a calm half-chorus on *Started*, Scott's solos throughout, judiciously edited to well under 50 percent of the playing time, display uneven tone and dynamics, and little grace or creativity. *Blues*, neither free nor easy, has some intriguing accents marred by flat tone and pitch (flabby embouchure, or my very off-center pressing?) and *Baby* disintegrates almost totally in a weird, frenzied bombast. One star for performance.

Still, as WBUR-FM dj James Isaacs notes in his deft, scholarly notes, this album doubles the *Schwann Catalog* listing under Scott's name (his cooled-out *Zen Meditation* on Verve being the extraordinary other half) and provides documentation of one of New York's most colorful, restless, and perhaps misunderstood personalities of the '50s. One star for history.

The sidemen show poorly on the tapes. Distant Garrison sounds best on his own, solo pizz on *Blues*, and bowed on *Baby*. LaRoca keeps light time but his bass drum accents go off like bombs. Yet Evans achieves the record's finest moments opening both sides, with the trio's lilting warmup *Like*, and stunning quicksilver right-hand stretches on *Blues*. It is ever a pleasure to hear another example of that limpid, majestic talent in its first flush, sprung like Venus from the brow of Zeus—supple, full-blown, golden, bright. Evans' bop mastery had already been assimilated (Monk on *Walkin'*, Diz on *Baby*) into his own special, graceful language, and he buoys Scott through his toughest travails. The third star is his.

—fred bouchard

## CAL TJADER/ CARMEN McRAE

**HEAT WAVE**—Concord Jazz CJ 189: *HEAT WAVE; ALL IN LOVE IS FAIR; BESAME MUCHO; EVIL WAYS; DO NOTHING TILL YOU HEAR FROM ME; LOVE; UPSIDE DOWN (FLOR DE LIS); THE VISIT; SPEAK LOW; DON'T YOU WORRY 'BOUT A THING.*

**Personnel:** Tjader, vibes; McRae, vocals; Marshall Otwell, Mark Levine, piano; Rob Fisher, bass; Vince Lateano, drums; Poncho Sanchez, congas, percussion; Ramon Banda, timbales, percussion; Al Bent, Mike Heathman, trombone.

★ ★ ★ ½

The late Cal Tjader was in the forefront of bringing latin-infused jazz to American audiences, culminating with a Grammy nomi-



# RECORD REVIEWS

nation and later a Grammy award for his last record label, Concord. This album is the stuff that could well earn a posthumous nomination, as it offers the pleasant, well-produced, pop-flavored kind of jazz that seems to often make the Grammy finals. Its only serious failing is that it doesn't stretch Carmen McRae to the full limit of her remarkable and unusual vocal powers.

There are other qualms. When there are so many good and little-known Brazilian writers around, why the tired *Heat Wave* must be featured is difficult to understand. The same might be said for some of the other well-known pop material here; the two Stevie Wonder tunes are bright if unremarkable versions, and *Evil Ways*, such a strikingly pulsating hit for Santana, is handled so deliberately that it lacks fire.

That seems deliberate, though. This is a conservative album, where two percussionists are rarely given free rein and the two trombones are used sparingly and almost entirely in unison, dispelling what could have been interesting possibilities for interplay with that brassy, audacious voice. The melodic backdrop is understatedly handled by the pianists (Levine on four cuts, Otwell on the others) and Tjader.

*The Visit*, a love-sick love song, is classic Carmen, with Otwell and Tjader trading on the fills, as Carmen comes front-stage center

to tell a story in her way, grabbing more emotion than the song knew it had to offer. Carmen drives *Upside Down*, a latin beat that she pushes into swing with a bit of scat and back to latin. Then there's *Do Nothing Till You Hear From Me*, a light romp until, like Billie Holiday pouting "baby" on *Them There Eyes*, Carmen tells the whole story, in just the last three words, a sassy "Ah never will."

You'll find the essence of Carmen McRae in those three little words, yet so much else of the album is just Carmen the pop singer that the moment is nearly buried. That's why this is an eminently listenable album, but eventually a letdown when the artist is considered. There's plenty of Carmen the diva, but scarce bits of Carmen the dramatist. —r. bruce dold

## WOODY SHAW

**MASTER OF THE ART**—Elektra Musician  
 El-60131: *400 YEARS AGO TOMORROW*; *DIANE*; *MISTERIOSO*; *SWEET LOVE OF MINE*; *AN INTERVIEW WITH WOODY SHAW*.  
**Personnel:** Shaw, trumpet, flugelhorn; Steve Turre, trombone; Bobby Hutcherson, vibes; Mulgrew Miller, piano; Stafford James, bass; Tony Reedus, drums

★ ★ ★ ★

Woody Shaw takes his place in jazz history—the lineage extends from Clifford

Brown to Freddie Hubbard to Shaw, and now to Wynton Marsalis—seriously, producing a vision beyond technique and patterns. But he is not above using mockery and humor. (On Thelonious Monk's *Misterioso* listen to his juxtaposition of earth-tones and basic blues licks amid brilliant, zig-zagging alterations and scales. He *hears* the roots and the departures.)

These tunes are uncompromising jazz vehicles: Walter Davis' *400 Years Ago Tomorrow*, with its triple-play of latin, bop, and modal moods; *Diane*, invariably associated with Miles Davis' tiptoeing lyricism in an earlier version (which Shaw both honors and amplifies on flugelhorn); *Misterioso*, Monk's stair-stepping blues; and Shaw's *Sweet Love Of Mine*, a melodic, punching bossa nova.

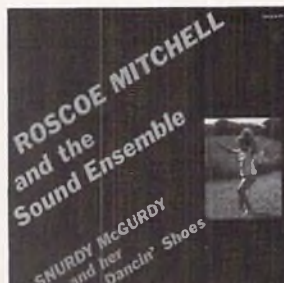
Hutcherson follows Shaw's lead as well as any vibist can, given the quiet dynamic range and unbending tonal sculpture of the vibes. He is a music box, swirler of blue steel, drummer on metal, and poet/mathematician of scintillation—especially soulful on *Misterioso*. Trombonist Turre and pianist Miller have grown since the band's previous Columbia LP, *United*. Turre has an attractive fat tone and a climactic solo style that combines mellow reflection and ratcheting slip-runs. Miller bristles and bounces, recalling no one in particular but swinging spider-mobile over the keys. The contributions of bassist James



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and drummer Reedus are mostly confined to ensemble play, a role that switches from floating-with-the-tide (*Diane*) to tidal wave (*Sweet Love*). James literally dances with the instrument: you can see him grabbing those basement notes on *400 Years* before he scurries after master Shaw.

Four stars for fire, coherence, honesty, and swing.  
—owen cordle

**CLAUS OGERMAN**

**ARANJUEZ**—Jazz Man JAZ 5015: *ADAGIO FROM "CONCIERTO DE ARANJUEZ"; NIGHTWINGS; MODINHA; ESPANOLETA; PAVANE POUR UNE INFANTE DEFUNTE; LOVE REMEMBERED; THE SEED OF GOD; BACHIANAS BRAZILEIRAS No. 5.*

**Personnel:** Jan Akkerman, guitar; Niels-Henning Ørsted Pedersen, bass; unidentified orchestra; Ogerman, conductor.

★ ★ ½

**CITYSCAPE**—Warner Brothers 1-23698: *CITYSCAPE; HABANERA; NIGHTWINGS; IN THE PRESENCE AND ABSENCE OF EACH OTHER, PART I; PART II; PART III.*

**Personnel:** Michael Brecker, tenor saxophone; Warren Bernhardt, keyboards; Steve Gadd, drums; Marcus Miller (cuts 1, 4-6), Eddie Gomez (2, 3), bass; John Tropea (2), Buzz Feiten (4), guitar; Paulinho da Costa, percussion (2, 4); unidentified orchestra; Ogerman, conductor.

★ ★ ★

Claus Ogerman has become to America's pop and jazz recording scene what Henry Mancini has been to Hollywood: the classiest arranger/conductor/composer for symphony and string orchestra available. Ogerman arrived in the States from Germany in 1959 and has kept up his jazz and quasi-classical session chops while Mancini cashed in with middle-brow movies. Ogerman has made some truly splendid dates with jazz artists up to his mark (Stan Getz, Oscar Peterson, and especially Bill Evans), some guitar smashers that were both eagle (Benson's *Breezin'*) and turkey (Montgomery's *Tequila*), elegant gilt frames for voices (Frank, Sassy, A.C. Jobim—a close friend), and hundreds more mainly with singers (Betty Carter, Dinah Washington, Jackie & Roy, Streisand's classics). Ogerman's arranging is generally heady and sensuous, frequently eschews use of brass (as here), indulges in abundant festoons of sumptuous *sostenuti*, is characterized by thick, sometimes perverse, voicings and a spirit which can range from fey to transcendental. Bill Evans, especially, in his grace and wisdom, found in Ogerman a worthy collaborator (for Verve and MPS) and occasionally inspired tunesmith (*A Face Without A Name*).

Neither of these releases adds much stature to Ogerman's book: they make pleasant, well-crafted outings—easy-to-take but also easy-to-forget. *Aranjuez* floats cautious guitar on a misty cushion of strings, with cherubs on french horn and mournful filigree of english horn; *Cityscape* pits street-wise, angst-ridden tenor against large orchestra



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and rhythm. The impressionist covers of pieces by Ravel, Rodrigo, and Villa-Lobos on *Aranjuez* leave Akkerman's pretty, pure-toned guitar rather docile and static; Brecker gets more chances to sink his teeth in and wail with urbanity and conviction—compare both *Nightwings*. Ogerman, a little tentative with the classics, blows air through his own cathedrals; Brecker sermonizes well on the title track and the eight-minute air-play-bound *Habanera*—in fact, a smoky bolero. Troubles with *Cityscape* emerge on side two when horn and rhythm cede to reft, languishing strings. Brecker's absence makes dramatic sense but musical mush as the Byzantine strings do not carry it off, leaving one with the indelible impression that Ogerman makes a better Boswell than a Johnson. As soft-core mood music, both albums work nicely, and earn an extra half-star.

—fred bouchard

## ORNETTE COLEMAN

**BROKEN SHADOWS**—Columbia FC 38029:  
*HAPPY HOUSE; ELIZABETH; SCHOOL WORK;*  
*COUNTRY TOWN BLUES; BROKEN SHADOWS;*  
*RUBBER GLOVES; GOOD GIRL BLUES; IS IT FOREVER.*

**Personnel:** Coleman, alto saxophone; Dewey Redman (cuts 1-3, 5-8), tenor saxophone; Don Cherry (1, 2, 4, 5), pocket trumpet; Bobby Bradford (1-3, 5), trumpet; Charlie Haden, bass; Ed Blackwell (1-3, 5-8), Billy Higgins (1, 2, 4, 5), drums; Cedar Walton (7, 8), piano; Jim Hall (7, 8), guitar; Webster Armstrong (7, 8), vocals; unidentified woodwind section (7, 8).

★ ★ ★ ★

Ornette Coleman has led the charge of the avant garde ever since he released *Free Jazz* in 1960. Twenty-two years later he's still at the front urging his troops on with the same battle cry: to conquer the future, play elements of the past in the context of the present. That worked for *Free Jazz*. Eleven years later, it worked again for *Broken Shadows*. (Eleven years after that, it would work for Coleman and his current troupe, Prime Time.)

*Broken Shadows* is not a reissue. Of its eight Coleman-composed tracks, the first five are leftovers from the *Science Fiction* sessions of 1971, while the last three were recorded a year later. All eight have been confined to Columbia's vaults since 1973, the year Coleman was dropped from the company's roster.

Whatever the official reason for keeping *Broken Shadows'* contents under wraps, one hearing attributes it to sheer stupidity. The playing and the writing are first-rate, but not timeless, however. *Broken Shadows* should have been released when it was fresh. After nine years on the shelf, it loses something—not much, but something—in the transition. With today's emphasis on spacious sound, Coleman's early '70s efforts at first sound uncomfortably crowded, as if the bandstand were the size of a card table. The compact sound on *Happy House* has seven musicians screaming at once for attention. But the

longer the music plays, the clearer things become. The explosive rhythms of Blackwell, Higgins, and Haden interact with the horn players' vibrant attacks. This produces an intensely pleasing situation where individual statements can be made while a player remains a part of the group. Coleman excels at this. He can write and play wacky voicings on *Good Girl Blues* and yet take a solo that speaks like the voice of reason.

This style, molded by Coleman's harmolodic theory (improvisation equals melody over harmony times meter), is similar to what a dixieland jazz band does. Simultaneous soloing occurs within a flexible framework of rhythm, harmony, and melody. Only instead of *Struttin' With Some Barbecue*, it's the second-generation bebop of *Rubber Gloves* or the weebegotten blues of *Is It Forever*. Compared with the overlapping ad-libs of early jazz, the atomic-powered rhythms and glow-in-the-dark solos of Coleman's harmolodics are like reinventing the wheel, only making the ride a whole lot bumpier.

—cliff radel

## SPARROW AM/FM

**SPARROW AM/FM FEATURING JOANNIE**

**PALLATTO**—Neon NELP 898: *COTTAGE GROVE; INTERLUDE IN F SHARP; EL BESSO; FREDDIE TODAY; NOVEMBER COLD; NEGATIVE FOUR; AM/FM; HIT-HOOK; JAZZ REGGAE; HIGH LIFE-LOW LIFE; NICOLE.*

**Personnel:** Bradley Parker-Sparrow, piano, vocals; Joannie Pallatto, vocals, piano (cuts 1, 3, 5, 7-10); Hal Ra Ru (1, 6, 7, 11), Sontez (9), tenor saxophone; Kathy Hughes, violin (1, 3); John Magnon, bass, vocals (1, 3, 4, 6-11); Ricky Trankle (1, 3, 7-10), Red Holt (4, 6, 11), drums; Mike Rasfeld, vocals, whistling (10); John "Rock Star," John Devlin, guitar (8, 9); Jim Christopher, baritone saxophone (1, 6, 7); Susie Hansen, violin, viola (8, 9); Gary Hreben (4, 11), Jeff Kaye (1, 6, 7), trumpet; Loui Ortega, congas, percussion (3).

★ ★ ★ ★

Here's a wild little album on a wild little label. We're talking strictly off-the-wall stuff here, real gone goodies from the Windy City. Bradley Parker-Sparrow is an oft-possessed pianist, a passionate force to contend with—that much is known. But he produced this unusual album, and wrote or co-wrote all of it, and therein lies either genius or its antidote. Most probably the former. The *AM/FM* album reaches pugnaciously into far corners of modern music and pulls off a strange juxtaposition of seemingly incompatible idioms.

Side one is just great, introducing a talented new vocalist deserving of wider recognition, serving up Joannie Pallatto on a tempestuous tune that would intimidate any lesser singer. It's called *Cottage Grove* and it is a whirlwind of streetwise city imagery delivered at chase speed tempos. The balance of side one answers alternately with: subdued solo piano; a last tango in *El Besso*-type number; a beautiful Pallatto vocal lament in *November Cold*; then far-out blowing for *Negative Four*. In addition to Pallatto,



## Gary Peacock\*



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✪ Gary Peacock's fourth ECM recording brings together trumpeter Tomasz Stanko, saxophonist Jan Garbarek and drummer Jack DeJohnette. The *Raleigh News and Observer* writes, "The record fires our imagination while satisfying our need for forms and familiar, communicable signposts. It is excellent." And the *Clarion-Ledger* adds, "Avant garde fans, this is a must."

## Paul Motian\*



Psalm  
ECM 1-1222

✪ "With hand-in-glove interplay that verges on musical ESP, the (Paul Motian) group shifts directions faster than a video game space invader" (*Lawrence Journal-World*). *Psalm* is the latest recording from drummer Paul Motian (ex-Keith Jarrett, Bill Evans, etc.), and features his current group—saxophonists Bill Drewes and Joe Lovano, guitarist Bill Frisell and bassist Ed Schuller.

## David Darling\*



Cycles  
ECM 1-1219

✪ His first recording, *Journal October*, was one of the best received recordings of 1980. For his second album, *Cycles*, cellist David Darling brings together Collin Walcott (sitar, tabla, percussion), Steve Kuhn (piano), Jan Garbarek (saxophone), Arild Andersen (bass) and Oscar Castro-Neves (guitar).

On ECM Records & Tapes. Manufactured and distributed by Warner Bros. Records Inc.

Kathy Hughes is a real find on violin, and Hal Ra Ru should be mentioned for arranging *Cottage Grove's* harried horns.

Side two attempts to continue the dizzying variety of styles, but in a much more blatant way. *AM/FM* starts off with the sound of radio static and the implication of dial spinning, then finally settles on a vocal that calls into question commercial music making versus the jazz/blues experience.

There's some tongue-in-cheek appeal to this musical commentary, and some carefully barbed truths, but after the convincing un-conventionality of side one, it hardly seems necessary to spend four cuts covering the topic. *Hit-Hook* pokes fun at rock, *Jazz Reggae* seems to satirize the "crossover" mania (and sounds pretty good doing it), and *High Life-Low Life* takes the Jamaican accent scam a bit too far. At last, the side ends with some genuine jazz in *Nicole*.

Side two is a mild letdown after the album's earlier bravado, but not enough to really dull the impact of *Sparrow AM/FM*. The collaboration between Sparrow's ongoing group and the versatile Pallatto is fresh and adventuresome. Now that they've had their say about the status quo maybe they can go ahead and start changing it.

—robert henschen

## DAVID EYGES

**CROSSROADS**—Music Unlimited 7432:

CROSSROADS; GOOD MEDICINE; NOTHING HAS CHANGED . . . YET EVERYTHING HAS CHANGED; CAST A LONG SHADOW; THE WAY IT IS; TREE-LIFE; A MOMENT OF RECOGNITION; LAQUACITY.

**Personnel:** Eyges, cello; Byard Lancaster, alto, soprano saxophone, flute, piccolo; Sunny Murray, drums.

★ ★ ★ ★

## THE BILL SMITH ENSEMBLE

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**HAND**—Sackville 4008: OOPS; PEOPLE IN SORROW/LONELY WOMAN; THREE SIMPLE SONGS; NAIMA; SOFORT; PICK A NUMBER.

**Personnel:** Smith, soprano, soprano saxophone, alto clarinet; David Prentice, violin; David Lee, bass, cello.

★ ★ ★ ½

Here are two examples of what might be called chamber jazz—improvised (or semi-improvised) small group music which proposes greater balance between soloist and ensemble, greater intimacy between the players and their material, and greater concentration on the part of their listeners.

Both records are worth that extra effort, the Eyges in particular. The rapport evidenced between Eyges and Lancaster on their 1981 duo LP *The Arrow* continues to deepen. Some of *Crossroads'* brightest moments occur when the cello and alto play lines that intersect—when they improvise simultaneously or when one man enhances the other's solo with perfectly timed and placed counterpoint. In the late '60s Lancaster established himself as one of the most original saxophonists of the avant garde's second wave, but also as perhaps the least con-



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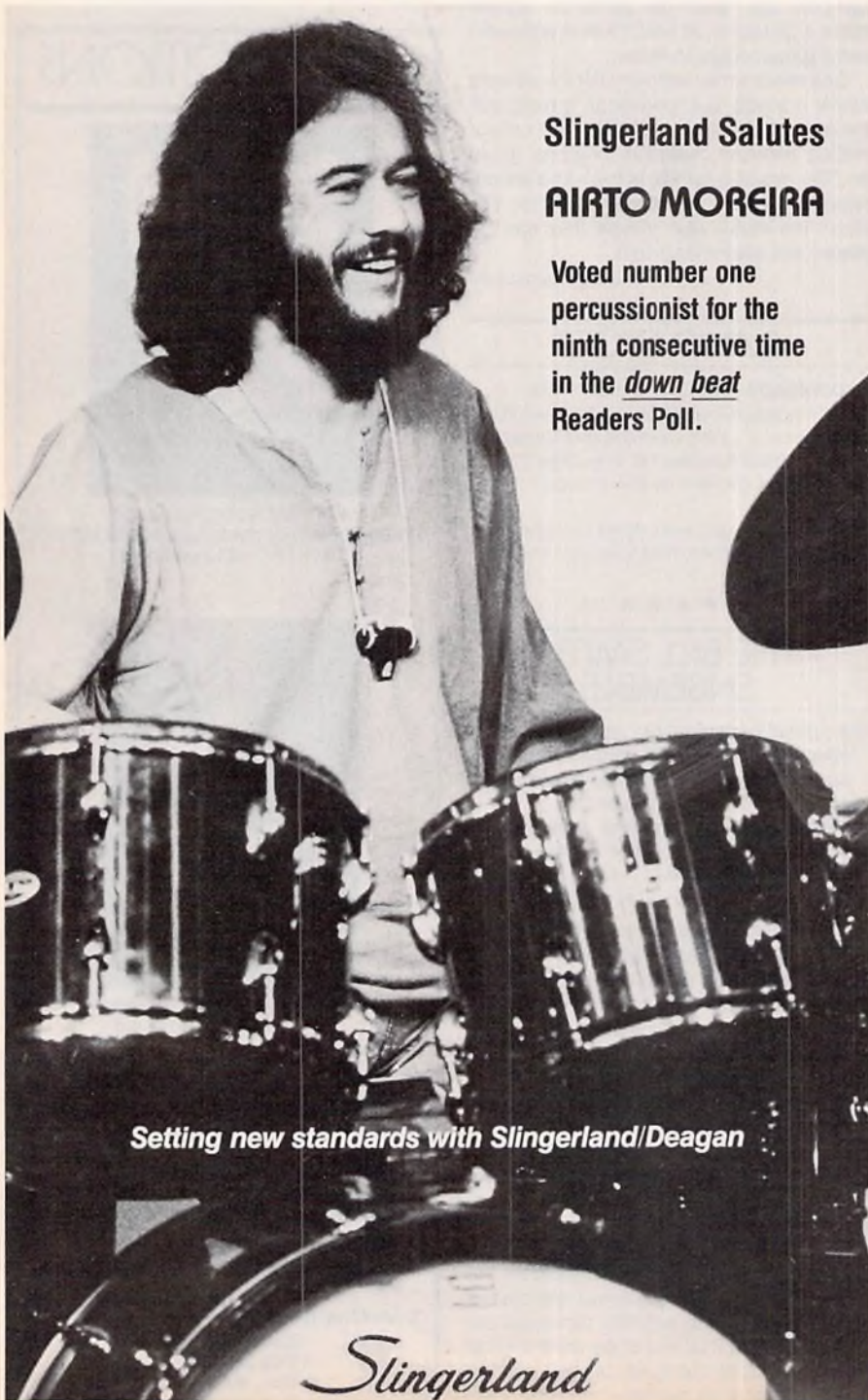
sistent, the most likely to squander his gifts. More recently, he has given evidence of fulfilling his early promise at long last, soloing lustily but with little waste on his two LPs with Eyges, as well as albums by Ronald Shannon Jackson, Doug Hammond, and Garrett List. (His most recent self-produced solo LP is the usual self-indulgent mess, alas!) Though he mostly plays alto here, Lancaster also makes dramatic use of his doubling capabilities, even blowing two horns simultaneously at one point, a la Kirk, to underscore the climax of Eyges' solo on *Nothing Has Changed*.

The cellist's phrasing reveals both a rational schooling in the classics and a mad belief in backwoods hoodoo (surely these crossroads are those governed by the tortured shade of Robert Johnson), but these divergent influences are never really at odds. Eyges' solos never resemble pastiche, nor do any of his eight originals here—bristling blues lines, drawing room idylls, fast Ornette-like unison smears.

My quarrels with this vivacious record are minor and few. Sunny Murray's status as the father of free drumming has never been

properly acknowledged, nor has his subtlety. He is ideally suited to these close quarters and, of course, he has always known how to motivate Lancaster. Yet there are moments here—particularly on the more impressionistic pieces—when I wish he was just a touch less subtle. Also, Eyges' readiness to imitate other instruments—walking basses, country fiddles and first violins, wailing saxophones, lead and rhythm guitars—perhaps alludes to not only his (and his instrument's) versatility but also to his uncertainty about how best the cello might be used in jazz. I don't have any answers either, but with musicians as talented as Eyges, Abdul Wadud, and Muneer Abdul Fatah playing the cello, answers are forthcoming, I'm sure.

There is less emphasis on improvised solos on the Smith LP, though its most rewarding track—the rural, repetitive, ungainly, and truly infectious *Oops*—is largely a solo vehicle for the group's inventive violinist. It was inspiration to combine noble, folkloric themes by Roscoe Mitchell and Ornette Coleman; the trio does justice to both, even if *Lonely Woman* misses Coleman's punch. An eerie, spavinated reading of *Naima* is less successful; deprived of Coltrane's romance and oratorical fervor, this isn't really a memorable theme. The three pointillistic Smith-composed and group-developed originals abound with intriguing episodes and the kind of small detail that is laudable in itself but never really accumulates into anything powerful or especially meaningful. Still, this Canadian trio's (very Canadian?) distance and reserve are admirable, and it's still refreshing in 1982 to hear new music lope along at such a leisurely pace. While this new LP is less cohesive than the group's earlier one, it is also less derivative of Mitchell, Braxton, and Lacy, and that's a good sign. —francis davis



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## CLIFFORD BROWN/ MAX ROACH

**BROWN AND ROACH**—EmArcy EXPR-1033:

*DELILAH; PARISIAN THOROUGHFARE; THE BLUES WALK; DAAHOUD; JOY SPRING; JORDU; WHAT AM I HERE FOR.*

**Personnel:** Brown, trumpet; Roach, drums; Harold Land, tenor saxophone; George Morrow, bass; Richie Powell, piano.

★★★★★

**PURE GENIUS, VOLUME ONE**—Elektra

Musician EI-60026: *I'LL REMEMBER APRIL; WHAT'S NEW; DAAHOUD; LOVER MAN (OH WHERE CAN YOU BE); 52ND STREET THEME.*

**Personnel:** Brown, trumpet; Roach, drums; Sonny Rollins, tenor saxophone; George Morrow, bass; Richie Powell, piano.

★★★★★

The collaboration of Clifford Brown and Max Roach, as evidenced by these two indispensable recordings, supports the view that the hard-bop movement reconciled bebop's scorching virtuosity with both the communicative directness of root musics and the classicist implications of cool jazz. Brown and Roach's music was not based on a single



# RECORD REVIEWS

aesthetic, but a coalition that remains potent in today's bop renaissance.

A basic library necessity, *Clifford Brown And Max Roach* contains the quintessential versions of two of Brown's most enduring compositions, the boiling *Daahoud* and the mellifluous *Joy Spring*, which exemplify Brown and Roach's melting-pot approach. Each offsets unusual construction with robust swing and infectious melodies. The performances are also excellent examples of how Morrow's unobtrusiveness, Powell's wiry rewrites of his brother Bud's style, and Land's Texas-rooted earthiness complemented the leaders' unbridled flights. Certainly, the hard-hitting *Blues Walk* is exemplary of the movement's back-to-basics ideals; but, at the same time, Ellington's sophistication (*Why Am I Here*) and bebop's *savoir faire* (*Parisian Thoroughfare*, *Jordu*) were as basic for Brown and Roach as funkiness was for others.

The period between the 1954 EmArcy studio date and the informally made 1956 performance tapes that comprise *Pure Genius* saw the crystallization of Sonny Rollins' synthesis of Parker, Hawkins, and Young. These well-restored tapes reveal that his presence in the group added a measure of modernity without upsetting its exquisite balance, as a comparison of this fiery version of *Daahoud* with the original will bear out. Unfettered by

studio considerations, thus fostering an amazingly rigorous 20-minute version of *What's New*, the group is expansive and daring without a trace of from-the-hip jam session looseness. The "Three Giants" are in top form and even Powell, usually a limited soloist, hands in an incandescent solo on *What's New*. Still, one cannot help but think—especially after hearing Brown's feature, *I'll Remember April*, which erupts from a lean opening to full-blown bravura—that the album's title is particularly pointed at the trumpeter, whose laser-like horn pierces through these salvaged tapes like a radio signal from deep space.

Hopefully, *Pure Genius, Volume Two* will provide background information as to the making of the tapes. —bill shoemaker

## BUCK HILL

**EASY TO LOVE**—SteepleChose SCS 1160: *EASY TO LOVE*; *LITTLE FACE*; *MR. BARROW*; *SPACES*; *BRAKES*.

**Personnel:** Hill, tenor saxophone; Reuben Brown, piano; Wilbur Little, bass; Billy Hart, drums.

★ ★ ★ ½

Unlike Dexter Gordon and Johnny Griffin, tenor saxophonist Buck Hill has never enjoyed the commotion of bebop enthusiasts welcoming an expatriate star back to Ameri-

can shores. The 55-year-old Hill has been in our backyard all the while, refining his craft to the sensible approval of night-club patrons in his hometown Washington, DC. The yoke of obscurity, largely self-fitted as he made no effort to tour in deference to his family, has only recently been cast off by his linkup with the Danish SteepleChase record label (propitious early returns: *This Is Buck Hill* and *Scope*). His familial duties now met, his retirement from postal work imminent, Hill can be counted on for more quality recordings and exciting out-of-town engagements.

*Easy To Love* documents one rare outing, a Buck Hill Quartet performance at Holland's Northsea Jazz Festival in July 1981. The record-entitled Cole Porter song evinces Hill's assured, vigorous tone, structure-minded improvising, and awesome technical facility. On *Spaces*, credited to pianist Reuben Brown, he speeds along while his ideas keep pace with his fingers. *Brakes*, the only Hill original on the record, uses its bouncy theme as a springboard for an authoritatively swinging tenor sequence. Hill's exquisite ballad playing is evidenced on Brown's *Mr. Barrow*, each of his phrases is as affecting as a chapter of Dickens. Sometimes he fails to hit a note cleanly, and there is the occasional jostled measure, but such is the inexactitude of live performance. The splendid drum and cymbal work of Billy Hart, who first contacted

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Nils Winther's company about Hill, is a bonus.

*Easy To Love* is a good approximation of what Hill delivers in person. There have been and will be stronger gigs. Kenny Barron is the ideal pianist for Hill. Hill's *Ballad Repeater* would have been welcome. But why quibble? Reflecting on the trilateral influences of Hawkins, Young, and Parker without imitating them, he soars again. —frank-john hadley

## PIECES OF A DREAM

**WE ARE ONE**—Elektra 60142-1: *DON'T BE SAD; PLEASE DON'T DO THIS TO ME; FOR RAMSEY; YOU KNOW I WANT YOU; MT. AIRY GROOVE; WE ARE ONE; WHEN YOU ARE HERE WITH ME; POP ROCK; YO FRAT.*

**Personnel:** James K. Lloyd, Rhodes piano, Steinway Concert Grand piano, Jupiter 8 synthesizer; Cedric A. Napoleon, bass, vocals (cuts 2,4,9); Curtis D. Harmon, drums; Grover Washington Jr., soprano saxophone, vocoder (4); Herb Smith, electric, acoustic guitars; Ralph MacDonald (1,3,5,7), Leonard "Dr." Gibbs (2,6,9), Vincent Diggs (2,9), percussion; Danny Harmon, vibes; Dexter Wansel, synthesizer (2); Barbara Walker, Rachelle Barnes, Cynthia Biggs, Theodore Wortham, vocals.

★ ★ ★

There's a very positive bent to this LP, from the happy pictorials used in packaging right on through to optimistic cuts like *Don't Be Sad* and *We Are One*. And with Grover Washington in a producer's role, you know the final mix is going to have a light, enjoyable touch. It does.

Curtis D. Harmon, James K. Lloyd, and Cedric A. Napoleon are the three integral pieces of this dream though, and they've obviously developed something cohesive as a small unit. Their greatest strengths—as a classic piano trio in the funky jazz tradition—come across well on cuts like *Don't Be Sad*, the title track, a misnamed *Pop Rock*, and the revelatory *For Ramsey*.

This latter tune is a gently rolling acoustic piano piece with solid gospel footing, obviously meant as a tribute to one of the band's heroes. But it's also a deeper clue as to the influences steadily at work on *Pieces Of A Dream* during other portions of this album, and particularly on keyboardist Lloyd. The rapport shared by Lloyd with his young cohorts compares quite favorably to that which Ramsey Lewis, Cleveland Eaton, and Maurice Jennings nurtured over a period of many years.

Cedric Napoleon is one fine singer as well. *Please Don't Do This To Me*, with its simple Earl Klugh-type melody, proves an excellent vehicle for Napoleon, and this may be the cut most likely to pull the album up the charts (at this writing, *We Are One* had edged onto *Billboard's* Hot 200). Napoleon is equally soulful on *You Know I Want You*, singing alongside tasty Barbara Walker, but they're forced to make way too much out of some rather mediocre lyrics.

Worse yet is the funk-ed-up *Yo Frat*, a rap tune that attempts to extend a collegiate



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metaphor by rhyming alongside the Greek alphabet. Actually, the electronic instrumentation behind *Yo Frat* and on the (thank God) wordless *Mt. Airy Groove*, shows moments of true affinity for the electric funk idiom. Then again, these guys still seem to cook best over a wood fire.

As for Grover, he adds saxophone on one or two cuts, and only steps forward with any authority for a featured soprano spot on *When You Are Here With Me*, as sweet as ever. Guest shot kudos should also go to Herb Smith and Danny Harmon who, with Dr. Gibbs prescribing just the right dose of rhythm, lend the title track a warm Earl Klugh/Bob James feel.

Basically, this is healthy, swinging trio jazz that is alternately helped and hindered by additions to the game plan. Pieces Of A Dream can be both impressive and enjoyable when they focus on their jazz roots, a group with a real "feel" when they're on. But the mix and match approach to choosing material needs reconsideration. —*Robert Henschen*

## PHILIP GLASS

**GLASSWORKS**—Columbia Masterworks

37265: *OPENING; FLOE; ISLANDS; RUBRIC; FACADES; CLOSING.*

**Personnel:** Glass, electric organ; Michael Riesman, piano, electric organ, synthesizer; Jack Kripl, Jon Gibson, Richard Peck, reeds; Sharon Moe, Larry Wechsler, french horn; Linda Moss, Lois Martin, Julian Barber, Al Brown, Maureen Gallagher, viola; Seymour Barab, John Abramowitz, Fred Zlotkin, cello.

★ ★ ★ ½

Early in his career Philip Glass turned his back on Western classical music. Although he retained conventional notations and recognizable key changes, he subjugated melody to compositional structure, substituted traditional dynamics for fluctuating rhythmic patterns, and borrowed electronic amplification from rock.

In *Glassworks* he appears to be reinvestigating the strains of classical music that he once bypassed. Melodies play a key role in the music, and some pieces highlight acoustic instruments. Moreover, his trademark trance rhythms now graduate into crescendos and diminuendos which approach, but never reach, catharsis. Still accompanied by Glass' cyclic instrumental interchanges and mesmeric minimalism, *Glassworks* reflects its composer's revived interest in classical elements in six variations.

In *Opening*, a piano enunciates an unadorned melody while a two-note ostinato pattern works a steady, but flexing rhythm that, in moments, meets with the melody in harmonic blend. This piano dialog is further altered by the punctuation of a single chord which gives the piece its forward motion. One of the album's strongest pieces, *Floe* accumulates layers of horns, synthesizer, piccolo, and saxophone until their racing arpeggios coalesce into the feel and gravity of a tumbling stream. *Islands* also strikes strong visual and atmospheric images as saxophone and clarinet intonations irregularly space themselves over slow-rolling violas.

Side two of *Glassworks* refracts the basic structures of side one. *Rubric* resembles *Floe*

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in its momentum, but twists its rippling orchestration with jazz flavors. The viola maintains a two-note ostinato agitation on *Facades* as a saxophone glides through the melody. *Closing* answers *Opening* with additional strings.

In the long run, *Glassworks* may be considered Glass' transitional album, for its ideas never reach a firm conclusion. Nonetheless, its compositions offer a stark musical beauty that is accessible to almost any ear.

—*divina infusino*

## DUKE ELLINGTON

### THE GIRL'S SUITE AND THE PERFUME SUITE—

Columbia FC 38028: *GIRL'S*; *MAHALIA*; *PEG O' MY HEART*; *SWEET ADELIN*; *JUANITA*; *SYLVIA*; *LENA*; *DINAH*; *CLEMENTINE*; *DIANE*; *UNDER THE BALCONY*; *STRANGE FEELING*; *DANCERS IN LOVE*; *COLORATURA*.

**Personnel:** Ellington, piano; Willie Cook, Cat Anderson, Ed Mullens, Ray Nance, Harold Baker, trumpet; Lawrence Brown, Lou Blackburn, Chuck Connors, Quentin Jackson, Britt Woodman, John Sanders, Juan Tizol, trombone; Johnny Hodges, Russell Procope, Jimmy Hamilton, Paul Gonsalves, Harry Carney, saxophones; Jimmy Woode, Aaron Bell, bass; Sam Woodyard, drums.

★ ★ ★

**ANATOMY OF A MURDER—**Columbia Special Products JCS 8166: *MAIN TITLE/ANATOMY OF A MURDER*; *FLIRTIBIRD*; *WAY EARLY SUBTONE*; *HERO TO ZERO*; *LOW KEY LIGHTLY*; *HAPPY ANATOMY*; *MIDNIGHT INDIGO*; *ALMOST CRIED*; *SUNSWEEP*; *GRACE VALSE*; *HAPPY ANATOMY*; *UPPER AND OUTEST*.

**Personnel:** Ellington, piano; Clark Terry, Cat Anderson, Harold Baker, Gerald Wilson, Ray Nance, trumpet; Britt Woodman, Quentin Jackson, John Sanders, trombone; Jimmy Hamilton, Russell Procope, Paul Gonsalves, Johnny Hodges, Harry Carney, saxophones; Jimmy Woode, bass; Sam Woodyard, drums.

★ ★ ★ ★

Columbia and its alter ego, Columbia Special Products, have each simultaneously brought forth their own strings of Ellingtonian pearls in the form of *The Girl's Suite/Perfume Suite* and *Anatomy Of A Murder*. Neither is a heavyweight entry, but both are welcome indeed.

The first record contains previously unreleased sessions from 1957 and '61. *The Girl's Suite* encompasses 10 free-standing pieces, some original and some non-Ellington popular standards. Not surprisingly, perhaps, the originals are endowed with a fuller measure of Ellington ingenuity. *Girl's* has some typically magisterial Hodges peppered with nice clarinet/baritone byplay. *Mahalia*, which surfaced in a re-orchestrated treatment in Ellington's 1971 *New Orleans Suite*, is in many ways a reconsideration of *East St. Louis Toodle-oo* with its somber half-note chords and counterpoint of plunger trumpet. *Juanita* is a thing of simple Ellingtonian beauty that never even tapers with its own melody. Instead, Ellington develops it through contrasting sounds—a breathy Paul Gonsalves first, then 20 bars of open plunger brass followed by 16 bars of closed plunger brass, more Gonsalves, and finally a broad weave of tenor and muted brass. *Sylvia* is a predictable but bracing swinger with singing

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# RECORD REVIEWS

sax ensemble and (one suspects) Ducal burp inadvertently picked up in the the third bar of Carney's opening solo. *Dinah* tends to huff and puff a bit, except for a sly and witty trombone section interlude. *Clementine* (no relation to Billy Strayhorn's 1941 *Clementine*) is soft and bashful, but *Diane*, *Peg*, and *Adeline* among the non-Ellington ladies get more perfunctory treatment.

As for *Perfume Suite*, which has not proved to be among Duke's sturdier pieces, no recording of it was in release in 1957, so it was logical that Ellington fill out his Columbia recording duties with a new version. Three parts were made in '57; the fourth (*Strange Feeling*) didn't come until '61, and it was a truncated version. Today there are numerous versions of *Perfume*, including its original presentation at Carnegie Hall on Prestige 24073, the 1945 Victor date, and volumes 1 and 13 of the Treasury Series broadcasts of 1945. The 1957 treatment is not a complete redundancy, though. It's an entirely different band, despite the continuity of Carney, Hodges, Nance, Procope, and others. The reeds on the first section (*Balcony*) have a wafer thin, Four Brothers sound that's a striking contrast to the robust mid-'40s band. But an orchestral coda added to *Dancers In Love*, which is essentially a very beguiling and sophisticated stride piano piece, is anticlimactic. And the fourth section, *Coloratura*,

remains four-fifths bombast going on five.

*Anatomy Of A Murder* was one of the best films of the '50s and probably the best work Otto Preminger ever did. One of the reasons was he chose Duke Ellington to write and perform the score. His music fed perfectly into the almost documentary quality of Preminger's courtroom drama set in a seedy resort area of Michigan's upper peninsula. It's a music cast in various shades of gray. The prolog to the main title is cluttered with the beer cans and old tires of a Michigan trailer park, and the blues that follows with its undulating sax vamp, swashbuckling backbeat, and sharp brassy spikes, has a shrill, but wise cynicism about it.

It is a score that is also witty (*Way Early Subtone*), portentous (*Hero To Zero*), lonely (*Almost Cried*), peaceful (*Sunswept Sunday*), and swinging (*Happy Anatomy*). Themes are introduced and reshaped to fit players and moods. *Low Key Lightly* first appears as a vehicle for Nance's violin, then is reprised as *Midnight Indigo* by Procope and *Happy Anatomy* by Hodges. *Way Early* becomes an extension of *Flirtibird*, and so on. It helps bring an element of unity to the piece, however asymmetric it may be. But then it is a film score, and must ultimately march to the beat of the drama it serves. Yet, as Ellingtonia, it stands very nicely on its own as well.

—John McDonough

## WAXING ON

### Spliff splash

**BLACK SLATE:** *RASTA FESTIVAL* (Alligator AL 8302) ★ ★ ★ ½

**BLACK UHURU:** *CHILL OUT* (Island IL 9752) ★ ★ ★ ★

**JIMMY CLIFF:** *SPECIAL* (Columbia FC 38099) ★ ★ ★ ½

**MIGHTY DIAMONDS:** *INDESTRUCTIBLE* (Alligator AL 8303) ★ ★ ★ ★

**STEEL PULSE:** *TRUE DEMOCRACY* (Elektra EL 60113) ★ ★ ★

**THIRD WORLD:** *YOU'VE GOT THE POWER* (Columbia FC 37744) ★ ★ ★ ½

**TONY BROWN BAND:** *PRISONERS IN PARADISE* (Mountain Railroad Records HR 8001) ★ ★ ½

Reggae never caught on in the way that its admirers and fans thought that it would . . . with strings of No. 1 songs cutting across the soul and rock charts. But, in a very real way, reggae exceeded their expectations by becoming the transinternational form of popular music in the 1970s. You could hear it everywhere, and where you didn't hear the

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authentic Jamaican version, there were all kinds of reggae permutations cross-fertilizing pop, soul, high-life, and rock. From Gil-Scott Heron to Barbra Streisand, thousands of recording artists have been lured by reggae's lilting beat—a beat that suggests visions of temperate climes and the good life.

Reggae's easy acceptance perhaps accounts for its longevity, but its success also, in part, led to a type of mainstreamism that atrophied the genre into formulaistic conventions. Reggae began sounding like itself—that is, for the past four or five years the variation of reggae music coming out of Jamaica has been, shall we say, subtle. In large part this was due to the incredible artistic domination Bob Marley and the Wailers (both current and former members) had upon the bands just getting started in the mid-'70s, who steeped themselves in the message and vocal style of Marley to the extent of being clone bait for the Wailers march of consciousness-raising, chart-topping singles.

Unfortunately none of the LPs reviewed here capture the galvanized excitement and high artistic level of the earliest reggae cuts. However, if these albums characterize the pluralistic limbo of reggae while it goes through a phase of mannerism from experiments with funk (Black Uhuru and Third World), an intellectual return to the gritty primitiveness of earlier years (Black Slate), various grafts and combinations of other forms of music (Tony Brown Band and Jimmy Cliff), and the crypto-classicism of the genre (Steel Pulse), they all point to the movement of the form into new contextual envelopes that many still expect from a music that has significantly influenced the structure of modern popular music.

Black Uhuru and Third World both try to break into a new cultural basket by bringing in outside influences: Sly Dunbar and Robbie Shakespeare for Uhuru, and Stevie Wonder's production for Third World. **Black Uhuru's** efforts are, for me, the most successful. For a while it seemed that Sly and Robbie had a hand in every other record out of Jamaica, and began earning the reputation as the Earl Scheibs of reggae—no ups, no downs, no extras. But here they've applied their considerable talents to a relentlessly intense album. Every cut has a distinct personality, and a few, such as *Eye Market* and especially *Right Stuff* (using the loosey-goosey 1-2, 1-2 beat pioneered by the Compass Point All-Stars) stand out as major killers.

With the help and enthusiasm of Stevie Wonder, **Third World** has developed into an "American" sounding reggae-funk band. *Try Jah Love*, a minor masterpiece of proselytizing, managed to crack the Top 40 briefly at the beginning of this summer. The album does contain straight reggae songs souped up with layers of synthesizers to update the musical approach. Updating, recontextualizing . . . I'm all for it, but the final result here seems calculated.

Before reggae there was ska—a skippy Caribbean beat that often accompanied Ja-



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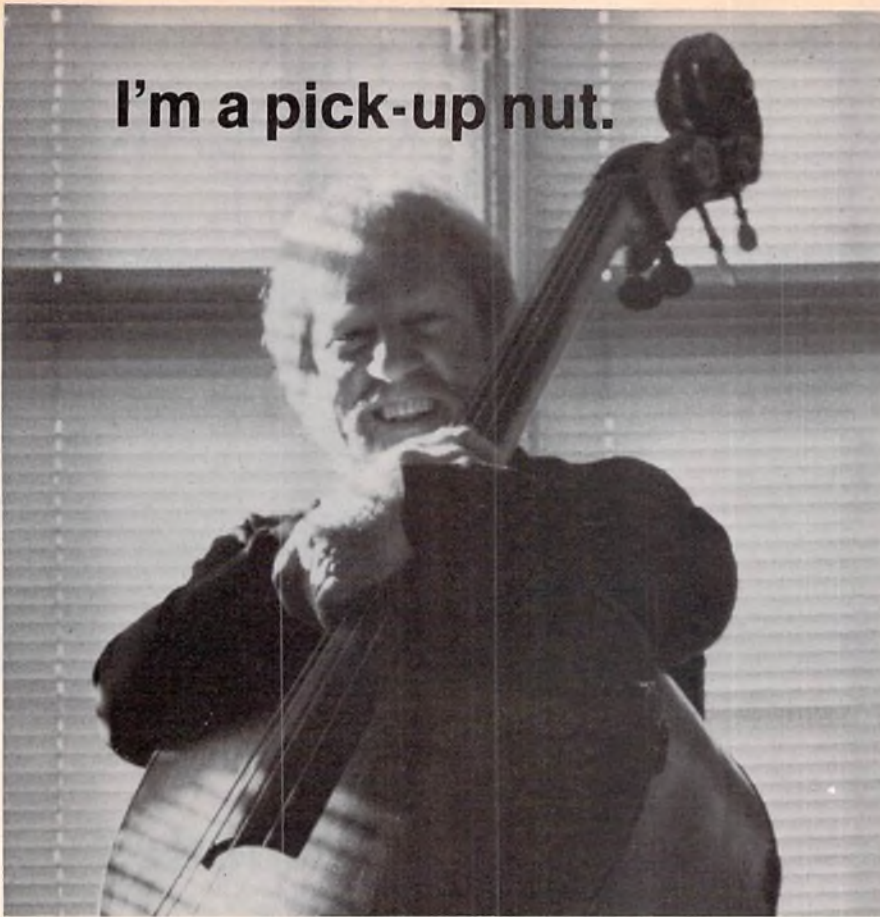
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maican covers of American r&b hits. That sort of sweet harmonizing is continued today by the **Mighty Diamonds**. *Indestructible*, their 11th album, is an assortment of singles issued in the last four years. Donald "Tabby" Shaw's honey soft tenor is conspicuous on *Party Time* and *No Crying No Bawling*, which gives him a chance to showcase one of the finest voices in all of Jamaica. The supporting cast of musicians are the crème de la crème of reggae who give each song a tasteful but never overwhelming background for Jamaica's premier balladeers.

At the time the Mighty Diamonds were recording their first singles, **Jimmy Cliff** was already an established performer. Cliff is easily the most distinctive singer in this group. His newest LP, *Special*, combines elements of high-life, reggae, pop, soul, and rock in every cut; an international fusion that doesn't mesh its components into anything more than a musical mish-mosh of styles. Jimmy's songs are full of hope and love, but by trying to appeal to everyone's tastes, he pleases no one.

A similar approach is used by the **Tony Brown Band**. Brown, the son of a Jamaican minister, grew up in St. Paul, Minnesota. His music combines his Jamaican heritage and the rock music of his adopted homeland. The album has the flavor of a strong bar band adept at mixing both forms without any single element standing out. Brown's adventurousness lies in managing to pull off this fusion in a convincing, if not inspired presentation.

There is a trend in reggae—a musical toe-the-line type of thinking that should be seen as retro (for that's exactly what it is) and that delves into the music's history in search of context. **Steel Pulse** and **Black Slate** both take this route with very different results. **Steel Pulse** is the touted band in reggae today. Aside from innovational grooming habits, there isn't much here to set this band apart from any number of other bands who play this proto-typical brand of post-Marley reggae. If anything, **Steel Pulse's** originality lies in its ability to typify an endless list of mainstream manifestations, such as quasi-revolutionary lyrics sung by a high tenor, judicious quotes from Old Testament scriptures, tight ensemble playing at medium tempo with no solos... the litany is almost as weary as their holier-than-thou preachiness that soaks through the entire LP.

**Black Slate** explores the conceptual nature of reggae's earliest years when the music searched for its roots in an electromagnetic wilderness of shivering echoes. Keith Drummond's dusky vocals are cooled by a non-emotional delivery that invites interest rather than spurns it. Desmond Mahoney's drums and Ras Eroy Baley's bass turn out a light, but brittle rhythm around the rest of the band, making this first album a treat. A fine effort.

Reggae hasn't stayed dormant, but it is no longer the embryonic movement it once was. This present crop of LPs reveals plenty of stylistic borrowing; consequently some come off as a pastiche. The search on all of these albums shows a synthesis of attitudes in what appears to be a driven obsession for placing this music into a category entirely its own—and as open and multidirectional as any form of 20th century music.

—jim brinsfield



# BLINDFOLD TEST



TOM COPI

## Paquito D'Rivera

BY LEONARD FEATHER

IN 1977 THE FIRST (AND, AS IT TURNED out, only) jazz festival cruise from the U.S. to Cuba since Castro's takeover arrived in Havana. At a meeting arranged by Cuba's Ministry of Culture, the visiting Americans, among them Dizzy Gillespie, Stan Getz, Earl Hines, David Amram, and this reporter, were entertained at the Havana Libre Hotel by Irakeré, a startling band in which I noted the presence of "a wild alto player named Paquito D'Rivera."

In 1978 Bruce Lundvall heard Irakeré; within months the band had played the Newport and Montreux festivals, and had signed with CBS Records. During a tour of Spain, deciding to seek asylum, D'Rivera called Lundvall, who promised to help him,

and later set a solo album deal when he reached New York. His second LP, *Maríel*, is also on Columbia.

The reedman arrived in America in October of 1980. His wife and son are still in Cuba; contact is difficult. Meanwhile he has earned the respect of U.S. musicians, touring with his own combo. This was his first Blindfold Test; he was given no information about the records played.

**1 ARTHUR BLYTHE.** *JITTERBUG WALTZ* (from *IN THE TRADITION*, Columbia). Blythe, alto saxophone; Stanley Cowell, piano; Fred Hopkins, bass; Steve McCall, drums.

This is Arthur Blythe. And that's the way I prefer to hear him, playing with a straight rhythm section—piano, bass, and drums—rather than when he plays with conga and tuba. I think that he has a very original voice, unmistakable on the alto.

We made an album together with Phil Woods called *The New York-Montreux Connection*. That was a nice experience. He's a very original alto player. I like the way he combines the tradition with the modern thing. He's a swinging musician, and when he plays with the other group, he is less swinging in that context. Maybe he prefers that, but I prefer this kind of thing.

The recording is pretty good; it's a CBS. I can't recognize the rest of the guys. The drummer is swinging hard. I would give it three-and-a-half stars.

**2 WYNTON MARSALIS.** *FATHER TIME* (from *WYNTON MARSALIS*, Columbia). Marsalis, trumpet, composer; Branford Marsalis, tenor saxophone.

Wynton Marsalis. I've heard it before. And I think it's Branford Marsalis on the tenor. Wynton is super, of course. I like a lot the way he plays. He seems influenced by Miles, but he's very young, he's finding very easy and very quick his own way, with the staccato things and all.

I like also the arrangement; I know he wrote that. I love it; I enjoy it very much. I will give it, for Wynton, five stars; for the album, four stars.

**3 ELVIN JONES.** *NEVER LET ME GO* (from *EARTH JONES*, Palo Alto). Jones, drums; Dave Liebman, soprano saxophone; Kenny Kirkland, piano; George Mraz, bass.

I like very much the whole thing; even the recording is very good. I like the space effect the engineer gets. The tune is familiar to me, but I don't know the title. I can't even recognize the rhythm section, but it's very tasty.

The sax player sounds to me like Wayne Shorter or some tenor player playing the soprano . . . the way a tenor player used to blow soprano. But I think it's Wayne Shorter. Very good taste, and I love this cat. The piano player is beautiful, very tasty. And the bass solo is very good. And whoever is playing drums . . . very good, swinging . . . don't disturb, discreet. I would give it four stars.

**4 ORNETTE COLEMAN.** *SCHOOL WORK* (from *BROKEN SHADOWS*, Columbia). Coleman, alto saxophone, composer; Dewey Redman, tenor saxophone; Bobby Bradford, trumpet; Charlie Haden, bass; Ed Blackwell, drums.

Sounds to me like Ornette. One of the things

he made with Don Cherry and Charlie Haden . . . but I don't recognize the tenor player.

I like the alto solo; it's a very good sense of humor, and I love humor in music. That's why I love Dizzy. I heard Ornette while I was still in Cuba, that first album he made, many many years ago, with Don Cherry. A friend of mine had the record—Carlos Emilio, the guitar player for Irakeré—he played it for me. It sounded very strange for me at that time. That was in 1963. Now its history.

I admire a lot Ornette Coleman, because there are a lot of non-true people involved in this kind of avant garde thing—limited musicians. But I think Ornette is a real musician; always from the first time, he knows what he's doing. He's very serious—and he has a very good sense of humor, too, in his music.

I like the sax solo, but generally it's not well organized . . . so I give it three stars.

**5 ERIC SCHNEIDER.** *CHEGA DE SAUDADE* (from *ERIC'S ALLEY*, Gatemouth). Schneider, tenor saxophone; Barry Harris, piano; Kelly Sill, bass; Mel Lewis, drums.

Sounds to me like Sonny, right? Sonny Rollins. I love Sonny. That rhythm section sounds very good. Each musician sounds like a good musician, but something happens many, many times when American rhythm sections try to play that kind of latin rhythm. I don't like the way they play that tune. Sounds a little funny for me, the latin rhythms. It doesn't sound authentic—not the real thing.

So, I don't like the way they play that thing. I can hear in the playing of each musician that they are very good musicians, but not that cut generally. I love the tenor solo. It sounds like, you know, when someone has only one leg—uneven. I'd give it two-and-a-half; three-and-a-half for the tenor solo.

**6 JAMES NEWTON.** *MONK'S NOTICE* (from *PASEO DEL MAR*, India Navigation). Newton, flute; Anthony Davis, piano; Abdul Wadud, cello; Phillip Wilson, drums.

Sounds to me like Eric Dolphy, with Ron Carter. I don't know who the piano player is; I like very much; the interaction is real nice. It sounds like an old recording, before Eric died. I like the whole thing very much. Everyone was playing in a group context, and that's very hard to get. Sometimes it's easy to be a soloist, and hard to play in a group.

I didn't hear too much tonality—in and out; there was some tonality in the theme. I like the composition, the theme. And I like the cello with the flute, and the way the drummer plays . . . I give that four stars . . . four-and-a-half.

**7 CHARLIE PARKER.** *JUST FRIENDS* (from *THE ESSENTIAL CHARLIE PARKER*, Verve). Parker, alto saxophone; Mitch Miller, oboe; string section.

What can I say? Of course, that's one of my favorite albums. Mitch Miller was playing the oboe in there. I used to play that record thousands of times in Havana. It's one of my favorite Charlie Parker records. I know that many people don't like this string session, because they prefer Bird playing with a quartet or quintet. But in my opinion, this is a masterpiece. Along with a record made in Toronto—with Charlie Mingus, Max Roach, and Diz—I think it's the best thing Bird made.

This is so beautiful, so tasty. What I like of this is when he played with the strings, he played his own thing, but he adapt himself, so the sound of the bebop saxophone to the strings, is like the same thing. No shocks. And the strings are not playing swinging, they're just playing straight. I love that record. I have to say five hundred stars! db



## Allen Vizzutti

*Road work with Woody Herman and Chick Corea has prepared the trumpeter for his own synthesis in Red Metal.*

BY FRANKIE NEMKO-GRAHAM



With the release in late 1981 of his first album on Headfirst Records, trumpeter Allen Vizzutti began to receive the recognition that his stature deserved. Until then, this remarkably talented and well-trained musician had been all but unknown to the general public. So it is immediately obvious that his is not a story of overnight success. Born in Missoula, Montana in 1952, it has been a patient and determined path for Vizzutti, who says, "I don't ever consciously remember making the decision to become a professional musician, but after my first year with the instrument, I don't remember considering anything else."

Although Vizzutti insists that his only teacher was his father, Lido Vizzutti, a self-taught trumpet player, in fact the younger man had extensive musical education. Upon leaving high school, he entered Eastman School of Music on a scholarship. Up until that point, from the age of nine he was involved in a lot of the typical American band literature. "The only exposure I had to any non-European music," Vizzutti says, "was some big band stuff that I played for a while in the university's jazz ensemble—just because they needed trumpet players."

It turned out that through contacts made at Eastman, Vizzutti came to the attention of Woody Herman and later gained much valuable experience on the road with the Herman Herd. He was well prepared, however, for that move, putting in inordinate amounts of time in every conceivable musical context at Eastman. "For example, I'd be playing in the orchestra in the morning, a brass quintet in the afternoon, and then with Chuck Mangione's big band in the evening. For a while there I was doing a performance every day of some kind or another—chamber music, jazz quintet, orchestral recitals."

Vizzutti decided to work towards his masters degree, although, as he puts it, "I kinda trod water for about a year, but my parents were quite anxious for me to complete my education. Woody Herman had heard of me through some of my colleagues at Eastman who had joined his band. So one day I got a

call from Woody, on a recommendation by Jim Pugh, the trombonist. He approached me several times, but it wasn't until a couple of months before I was due to graduate that I finally decided to consider Woody's offer. The way he auditions is right on the job. If he likes you, you stay; if not, he'll fire you. It's pretty bloodthirsty, but that's the way it works. Fortunately, my first tryout was a one-hour concert, and it worked out okay. But then, the next few nights were all four-hours-a-night club dates. I went right through the book—a lot of that music is so old that it has holes in it, and there are pieces missing! While I wouldn't say it was nervewracking, I was certainly on my toes all the time.

"I was with Woody a year-and-a-half, and it was a marvelous experience—very grueling, though; no vacations—I think we had five days off at Christmas. I got to play, among other things, on the 40th anniversary concert at Carnegie Hall [RCA BGL2-2203] that included all those famous Herman alumni. I also did a lot of touring, both here and overseas. But after a while, even though I had graduated from first trumpet chair to having my own feature spots and even writing a couple of compositions for the band, eventually I needed something different. I think the main problem for me was that out of some 400 concerts, there were so many tunes we'd do constantly. Then on a night when you'd played really perfectly, you might say to yourself, 'How can I do better tomorrow?' At that point I knew it was time to leave."

Possibly one of the most important benefits of the Herman association was Vizzutti's meeting with Chick Corea. The pianist had written a piece for the band, *Suite For A Hot Band*, later recorded on *Chick, Donald, Walter, & Woodrow* (Century 1101), in which Vizzutti was featured. "After I left Woody and

returned to Rochester, where I was living at the time, I got a call from Chick. Once again, Jim Pugh was instrumental; he was in Chick's group and reminded him about me. So I got to go on a world tour just a few months later, with Chick and a 13-piece band."

Corea has been one of Vizzutti's main influences. "I've been most impressed with Chick's style, his *approach* to music, his concept of what the music's supposed to do. Chick has that whole communication thing going, and his bands always demonstrate that idea. I feel that he's been a great guiding force for me." (Corea can be heard on Vizzutti's debut album, *Allen Vizzutti*, Headfirst 9700.)

Another fruitful relationship was with fellow trumpeter Doc Severinsen, whom Vizzutti met while he was still in high school. "Doc was traveling around doing concerts and clinics—this was before he became leader of the *Tonight Show* band. We just had this mutual admiration for each other, and played together and hung out a lot. I've written things for him, especially for his fusion band, Xebro, and occasionally for the *Tonight Show*. I'm particularly proud of the two classical pieces Jeff Tyzick and I wrote for Doc to record with the London Symphony Orchestra and the National Philharmonic."

Vizzutti's main concern right now is his own relatively new fusion group, Red Metal. Named for his very special Yamaha trumpet, which is fashioned from that substance, Vizzutti is putting in a great deal of time and effort to keep the group together and highly visible. Confined mostly to the local club scene thus far, the band did get valuable exposure at the 1982 NAMM (National Association of Music Merchants) show held in Atlanta.

*continued on page 71*



is innovative is that it sounds like European music—European, avant garde, classical 20th century static rhythm music with blues licks in it. And all these cats can say for themselves is "We don't sound like anybody else." That doesn't mean shit. The key is to sound like somebody else, to take what is already there and sound like an extension of that. It's not to not *sound* like that. Music has a tradition that you have to understand before you can move to the next step. But that doesn't mean you have to be a historian.

**AJL:** Earlier you expressed an aversion to the word "jazz." Why?  
**WM:** I don't like it because it's now taken on the context of being everything. Anything is jazz; everything is jazz. Quincy Jones' shit is jazz, David Sanborn . . . that's not to cut down Quincy or David. I love funk, it's hip. No problem to it. The thing is, if it'll sell records to call that stuff jazz, they'll call it jazz. They call Miles' stuff jazz. That stuff is not jazz, man. Just because somebody played jazz at one time, that doesn't mean they're still playing it. Branford will agree with me.  
**BM:** (laughs) No. I don't agree.  
**WM:** The thing is, we all get together and we know that this shit is sad, but we're gonna say it's good, then everybody agrees. Nobody is strong enough to stand up and say, "Wait, this stuff is bullshit." Everybody is afraid to peek out from behind the door and say, "C'mon man." Everybody wants to say everything is cool.  
**AJL:** Do you have as strong a feeling to maintain the standards?  
**BM:** Yes. Even stronger in some ways. I just don't talk about it as much. A lot of the music he doesn't like, I like.  
**AJL:** Like what?  
**BM:** Like everything.  
**WM:** Like what?  
**BM:** Like Mahavishnu. A lot of the fusion stuff.  
**WM:** I don't dislike that.  
**BM:** It's not that you dislike it, it's that you prefer not to listen to it.  
**WM:** That's true.  
**AJL:** Do you think you're more open?  
**BM:** I don't consider it being more open; it's just that he's kind of set in his ways. What I feel strongly about is the way the business has come into the music. Everything has become Los Angeles—everything is

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great and everything is beautiful. It's kind of tired. Cats come up to me and say: "What do you think of Spyro Gyra?" And I say: "I don't." That's not an insult to Spyro Gyra. I just don't like it when people call it jazz when it's not.  
**AJL:** Any advice for young players?  
**WM:** Avoid roots.  
**BM:** I think the basis of the whole thing is the bass player. The rhythm section is very important. If I've got a sad rhythm section, I'm in trouble.  
**WM:** Listen to the music. High schools all over the country should have programs where the kids can listen to the music. Schools should have the records, and the students should be required to listen to them all, not just Buddy Rich and Maynard Ferguson. They should listen to Parker and Coltrane and some of the more creative cats. That should be a required thing. Jazz shouldn't be taught like a course. The students should know more than a couple of bebop licks and some progressions.  
**BM:** Never play what you practice; never write down your own solos—a classic waste of time unless you're practicing ear training.  
**WM:** You should learn a solo off a record, but don't transcribe it. It doesn't make sense to transcribe a solo.  
**BM:** You're not learning it then, you're reading it.  
**WM:** And learn a solo to get to what you want to do. You don't learn a solo to play that solo.  
**BM:** What people don't realize is that what a soloist plays is a direct result of what's happening on the bandstand.  
**WM:** You should learn all of the parts—the bass, the piano, the drums—everything.  
**BM:** Right.  
**WM:** Music goes forward. Music doesn't go backwards. Whatever the cats couldn't play before you, you're supposed to play.  
**BM:** There's a huge movement for the perpetuation of ignorance in jazz. Play, that's all.

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**CAUGHT** continued from page 59

with son Chico and vocalist Bobby McFerrin).

Of course, that isn't the half of it. I'd be remiss if I didn't mention that Art Blakey's got another sizzling band with another New Orleans trumpet sensation, Terrence Blanchard; that his previous N.O.T.S., Wyn-ton Marsalis' band just gets better and better; and that Slim Gaillard is still around singing about "floy-floy." And I can't forget the monster *How High The Moon* played by Gillespie, Hampton, McShann, Bailey, Cobb, Red Hol-loway, Jackie Williams, and Major Holley. My hat's off to producer George Wein.

As calm and relaxed an affair is Nice is how hectic an affair is the Northsea Festival in Holland. Nine stages and a movie theater in one building run non-stop 11 hours a day for three days. That's 297 hours of music, not counting the movies (or the videotapes that run continuously in the various hallways). Most of the locals spend their weekend with schedule in hand and a frantic expression on face—trying to hear a taste of everybody. For my part, this was my third consecutive jazz festival, so I spent my time seeing some of the more offbeat things—occasionally dropping in on an old favorite for sustenance.

To my surprise, the best thing I saw at Northsea was a rip-roaring set by Martha Reeves. I half-expected a tacky soul revival, with Martha and a rhythm section sleeping through 50-second reprises of her hits with the Vandellas. Not so. She whipped a six-piece Dutch horn section into a funky, riffing Motown unit and then let loose—her voice is in splendid shape and she allowed herself the chance to *interpret* the material.

The opening night was highlighted by an extremely talented Dutch duo, Paul van Kemenade (alto) and Ron van Rossum (piano, drums, pocket trumpet), in a very thoughtful, intuitive duet that ranged through Ornette Coleman riff-like pieces to such standards as *My Romance*.

The evening was rounded out by Monika

Linges, a very pleasant and smooth Dutch bebop singer with some pitch problems, and the unlikely named Pizza Express All-Stars, a British trad band that featured the elegant cornet of the unlikely named Digby Fair-weather.

Sunday night held a number of surprises: Michel Petrucciani, the teenaged French piano wizard, played with Charles Lloyd and lived up to his reputation for chops and taste; however Lloyd fell into a modal pocket which he never left. Introduction, a fine Dutch band led by Ahmad Jamal-styled pianist Harry Happel, got things off on a tight bopping note—short, snub-nosed phrases interspersed with hair-raising block chords and biting humor; the unlikely named Polish quintet Extra Ball played some smoking post-bop heralded by the icy, forward attack of trumpeter Adam Kawonczyk and the excel-lent, woolly guitar playing of leader Jarek Smietana; the traditional Dutch Swing Col-lege Band lived up to their reputation for authentic, albeit slick, dixieland with a mini-mum of corn (minimum, but there was some); and a fine pianist, Nico Bunink, played duets with an awful singer, Gerrie Van Der Klei. Credit for this affair goes to producer Paul Acket, who amazingly puts this enormous weekend on with hardly a hitch. —lee jeske

**PROFILE** continued from page 56

Naturally, there has been criticism as well as praise for the multi-directional artist. With his heavy classical background and his straightahead jazz associations, the fusion group is a somewhat radical departure. Also at stake is Vizzutti's reputation as a skilled technician, which has raised some doubts as to his emotional involvement. In an interview with Leonard Feather that appeared in the *Los Angeles Times*, Vizzutti said, "In certain instances I would agree that the technique almost overshadows some other aspects of my playing, but I refuse to sacrifice it, since this is an attribute that was given to me . . . which, when used correctly, adds more color."

All the energy expended toward Red Metal has taken its toll on Vizzutti's other activities, most notably his main source of income since his move to Los Angeles in 1978: studio work. But he realizes that it's a matter of priorities. Coining an apt term, Vizzutti refers to the Hollywood studio scene as "anonymous perfection . . . when the pressure's on, they just want to hear the notes perfectly in tune.

"I've chosen to work almost exclusively with the group as a means by which to gain enough success to enable me to do a wide variety of creative things. This would involve writing serious music and performing with symphony orchestras, as well as the kind of material I'm presenting with Red Metal. Some of the things we do are relatively simple, and I'm finding that we attract everybody from a critic to a guy who works in the GM factory, from the average rock fan to some of the diehard beboppers, the person with an I.Q. of 200 and the one who doesn't know a trombone from a trumpet." db